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SEPTEMBER, 1929

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1929

Current Comments

THE Government have passed a just if sombre judgment on their pretensions by adjourning Parliament until the end of October. In other words, while Sir Oswald Mosley, in a speech to a body of Durham Miners, talked glibly of repairing "the havoc of the centuries," his immediate chiefs are more concerned to avoid parliamentary criticism of a series of second-hand proposals for tinkering with the unemployment problem. Yet these proposals constitute apparently the utmost that the "progressive" party have to offer in the way of bricks and mortar for the rebuilding of our civilization. Nothing more wrong-headed than Sir Oswald Mosley's remark (presumably the newspaper report is accurate, as it has not been denied) can be imagined. And nothing more harmful. Assuming it to possess any meaning, it is that the rulers of the nations have for centuries been conspiring to oppress humanity, and that the poor have had to wait for the opportune conversion of Sir Oswald Mosley to the Labour party to find a champion. It is precisely the doctrine that it is some secret and nefarious conspiracy which is the cause of poverty, sickness and unemployment that is responsible for nine-tenths of the ills of our time. When this doctrine is preached by people who conscientiously believe that they have located the conspiracy and can bring it to an end, we cannot complain. When we find it being preached by a responsible member of a government whose actions have shown to the world that they believe nothing of the kind, it is time to make an end of courtesies.

The Moral of the Adjournment

"THE havoc of the centuries!" Of course from some points of view the phrase is amusing. As applied to Chartres Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, or the art of printing or painting, for instance. Unfortunately, reflection suggests that there is more in the phrase than appears on the surface. It so happens that the people who talk this glib, if unsophisticated, rubbish are found almost invariably crusading on behalf of new art forms and new methods of literary expression: and they are invariably found crusading against the historic religion of Europe. In other words, their dislike of our civilization is genuine; it is only that they are utterly unable, not that they are unwilling, to replace it. The reason is, perhaps, that the new forms and new styles which they favour are suitable strides only for a limited range of crude and often indecent conceptions. They are, in fact, reversions to primitive cultures, negroid, low-grade oriental or northern barbaric. What Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends mean by "the havoc of the centuries" is the process whereby, in the long centuries of the classical and Western European cultures, primitive conceptions and styles have been disciplined. The result of this discipline is seen in those social institutions and habits which decent Christian people call civilization, and in those artistic and literary traditions which educated people call culture. The revolt from these traditions is instinctive among people with a certain kind of mind. That the revolt is intellectually inarticulate is mainly due to the fact that the European expression forms are not suitable to those who wish to express conceptions which are neither civilized nor culture.

"The Havoc of the Centuries"

IF, however, our aristocratic revolutionaries are not able to make much headway with the practical work of destroying that work of havoc which foolish historians call our civilization, the sincerity of their belief in the conspirational theory of history is undoubted. Indeed, it is obvious that the theory that centuries of civilization have merely worked havoc is consistent

What Progressives mean by "Havoc"

with the philosophy of progress, only on the assumption of a conspiracy to defeat the natural development of society. The weapons of the conspirators in the view of unprogressives are those sinister forces known to history as law, morality and religion. Against the integrity of the family, the Church, and the national state, the men of the left wage an unceasing war. It is only when the task of disruption nears completion and the time comes to place something coherent in the place of these institutions that the progressive lion becomes a mildly liberal lamb. This is, of course, by no means surprising. To translate Epstein's "Morning" into a politician's dawn is a task before which even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Celtic fervour might reasonably quail. Mr. Epstein has himself said, with refreshing candour, that it needs a Jew to understand his glamorous conception.

What the Government might have done

THE tragedy is that there is so much to be done within the framework of society, and that the government show no signs of doing anything. If the Socialist government, for instance, had taken a strong line on the re-organization of our basic industries, or on the re-equipment of the railways, we should have supported them in principle, even if in insisting on root and branch reforms they had done less than justice to the present direction of industry. Again, a government professedly international in its aims might at least have had the qualities of its defects and sought to help our coalfields by making a vigorous attempt to reach an international agreement on coal production. It is the Nemesis of false prophets, however, to be dogged by their past. Having promised to rebuild society on new foundations, they dare not expend their energies on repairing the admitted and deplorable weaknesses of the existing structure. Instead, His Majesty's Ministers are vote-catching on the Continent and in Egypt, winning applause from the right in Holland and from the left in Cairo, with a superb indifference to logic but very considerable electioneering skill. Meanwhile, unemployment remains, except for Socialists in office.

THE Conservative Party made a deplorable showing over the dismissal of Lord Lloyd. Every government must maintain the right to choose its advisers, and therefore to change them, and nothing more foolish could be imagined than to retain in an all-important official position a representative admittedly out of sympathy with the policy of the government he represents. Before the alternative of such folly, considerations of courtesy (though in hard fact no discourtesy seems to have been offered) must, if necessary, be waived. The point which should have been pressed was, of course, the all-important one of the new policy with which it was assumed, and rightly, that Lord Lloyd would disagree. Mr. Baldwin opened on this note, but the Foreign Secretary with unexpected adroitness defended himself by reference to the past, and contented himself with a barren series of formal and very non-committal assurances about the future. Then the harm was done, and the Government reached the adjournment without being forced to give even a hint of the concessions which they were planning to offer.

Egypt

IF the Government came out of the Lord Lloyd affair with infinite Parliamentary credit, their " slimness " over the one really important point at issue, namely the " four points " of the earlier draft treaty with Egypt, was far from creditable. Only on the defence of the Canal have they conceded nothing, and only in the matter of the Sudan have they conceded nothing of substance. The blame for what will follow would, however, have been at least equally shared with earlier administrations but for the insistence on Egyptian Parliamentary approval for the new treaty. This is a pointless stipulation. No one but a fool supposes that a Parliamentary vote, if it is secured, will bind the minority who will almost certainly oppose the treaty. Nor is there anything but canting humbug in the suggestion that the new Egyptian Parliament will be any more entitled morally to speak for the varied interests affected by the treaty than is the present Government. Our own Parliament has some moral authority behind it, but infinitely less than fifty

The Government's mistake

years ago, when the franchise was more restricted. That is because the authority of Parliament derives not from the act of millions of people putting crosses on ballot papers, but from the measure of the political consciousness of the electors. The Victorian electorate represented classes and interests with centuries of experience of quasi-political activities. Our present electorate is swamped by voters with no political aptitude or experience. Hence "the swing of the pendulum." But for all that, and despite the measure of unintelligent reaction to mechanical stimuli which the phrase rightly implies, the political parties in this country do each represent solid minorities of articulate and constructive, if not always intelligent, thinkers. The Egyptian parliament does not, and the Egyptians know it. Its verdict will bind no one, and least of all the small minority of politically educated Egyptians.

The Nemesis of self-determination

So much for the practical question. The moral question is far more serious, and goes to the root of things. Is it really the belief of the Labour Party that the consent of the Egyptian people is necessary to the regulation of Anglo-Egyptian relations? Of course not. If it were, we could not stay on the Canal for five minutes. Why, then, the pretence of securing this consent, and the encouragement of a theory of international relations grotesquely at variance with the possibilities of the case? Nationalities are made, not born. They are nothing but working compromises between the claims of race and the claims of government, and international affairs are the record of the multifarious adjustments necessary to keep them working, or to make new compromises when necessary. The neglect in 1918 of this elementary and basic fact of European history was responsible for ridiculous re-partitions of territory in Eastern and South Eastern Europe. This is now universally recognized. Why continue to pay lip-service in Egypt to the principle of self-determination, which in Europe has already done infinite harm to the cause of peace, justice, and the well-being of peoples? Causes will have their effects, and if this misguided, unhistorical

and unjust principle is set up as a fetish for the regulation of African and Asiatic as well as European affairs, much blood and treasure will be foolishly wasted and much avoidable suffering imposed on generations to come.

The facts of the case

We do not wish to suggest for a minute that the Labour Government has left to the Egyptian people more than the ratification of the treaty. Still less do we suggest that the Government, if the treaty is rejected, propose further concessions. They do not. But once a parliamentary vote is made a *sine qua non* of a " settlement," a principle is accepted which can only lead either to surrender or to stultification. Egypt's status, like that of every other nationality, will depend from decade to decade on facts, not on intentions. In a wholly unjust world, it would depend on the balance of force; in a wholly just world, it would be determined by the greatest happiness of the greatest number all over the world. In the world as it is, it will be determined by both these considerations; the only thing in the world by which Egyptian status can never be determined is the voting of an Egyptian Parliament. Why internationalists always forget that foreign policy is an international affair is a mystery. It remains true that we have got in our dealings with other peoples, whether within or without the Commonwealth, to consider impartially the rights of all nations, not merely the convenience of English, Indian or Egyptian politicians. If we find we have created by our liberal enthusiasms a situation in which France or Italy is forced to protect the rights or the property of their nationals in Egypt, the present administration will have done more to wreck the cause of peace than any British government in this country for a hundred years.

Reparations

It is impossible at the time of writing to do more than congratulate the Government on the stand they have made against further concession in the matter of Reparations. How far that stand will be successful is another matter, but one thing is certain, and that is that British prestige has not

suffered, even if British popularity has, as the result of Mr. Snowden's intransigeance. The haste with which concessions were offered proves this. That it should be on our former allies and not on ourselves that the task falls of making concessions is a welcome change. If in the process of change a breath of realism is imparted into international debates—no matter. The signs of panic which are apparent at the moment in the liberal forces at the unaccustomed spectacle of a British Minister sticking to his guns can be disregarded. Is it, however, hopeless to expect journalists and politicians of the left ever to learn that a policy of systematic surrender leads as surely to war as a policy of systematic aggression? Nor is the policy of surrender morally superior. To depart from the pursuit of a just settlement out of timidity is precisely as immoral—and as contemptible—as to do so out of greed or vulgar ambition.

Cause and Effect

WHILE we join unreservedly in paying a tribute to Mr. Snowden's courage and integrity—it would have been so easy for him to have returned with a cowardly patchwork settlement which not half-a-dozen politicians would have dared to attack—we are justified in drawing the moral of the difficulties with which Mr. Snowden was faced. In America, in Egypt, in India, in Ireland and on the Continent we have shown for years past a deplorable weakness. Our weakness has been in our readiness always to depart from what we secretly considered to be just in the pursuit of what we openly considered profitable—namely a "settlement." These "settlements" have settled nothing, because, being unjust, they have left a trail of ill-will and intrigue behind them. The trouble has been caused mainly by the ridiculous doctrine that agreements among nations are in themselves and for their own sake a positive good. This is not the case. A nation which scores a diplomatic victory proceeds inevitably to open a new diplomatic campaign, and it is the progressively ambitious character of these campaigns which leads always to war. If the Germans had not scored their sensational diplomatic successes in the years prior to 1914, who can suppose

that they would have been tempted to the fatal gamble of July, 1914? Yet, paradoxically enough, the greater the number of diplomatic successes which a nation has to its credit, the more genuine the moral indignation which a diplomatic defeat will arouse. Here we have the raw materials of war, and here is to be found the reason why the pacifist is the most dangerous of all the disturbers of the peace. The moral of the Hague Conference is crystal clear. All the bitterness, and even anger, which Mr. Snowden is exciting is the direct and inevitable result of past surrenders. We shall get to-day, at the price of a real disturbance of long-standing amities, a measure of justice much less than could have been secured years ago without raising even a verbal protest. We have stopped, in this matter at least, just in time. We have stopped our policy of surrender, that is, before the time when a measure of justice could be secured only by resorting to force. But we have to see to it that we do likewise in our other affairs, and that we do so at once. The consequences otherwise will be far graver than most people realize.

Lord Horne

LORD HORNE was, perhaps, in a special sense the representative among the great war leaders of the pre-war regular army. He was a great leader, but not a great soldier. He was a man of the finest possible character, but in no sense a man of fine intellect. Such men have qualities which far outweigh their defects in defensive warfare. Indeed, it is not too much to say that but for men of the quality of Lord Horne, the great defensive battles of 1914 and 1918 would have ended differently and disastrously. The peculiar problem of war is the contrast in the qualities wanted for a desperate defence and a victorious advance. For the one, character; for the other, intellect; for the one, simplicity; for the other, subtlety; for the one, method; for the other, originality, audacity and even cynicism. The solution of the dilemma, failing genius, is in the association with a "solid" commander of a brilliant chief of staff, and Lord Horne, like Lord Plumer, was well served. But the British system, with the dice so heavily loaded in favour

of seniority and conventionality, tends to mould even the most brilliant staff-college graduates to a pattern, and when the pattern is not suited to the needs of the situation, difficulties arise. So, probably, it will remain until the pay of the army officer is properly adjusted to the times and a more rigorous entrance qualification exacted.

Ray Lancaster

SIR EDWARD RAY LANKESTER was of the great Victorian scientists. He had the good fortune to be born in what will be recognized as the hey-day of scientific investigation, when the investigator was supreme and the line between science and philosophy was comfortably precise. By present-day standards Ray Lankester would hardly reckon as a great scientist. We demand of our professors to-day that they shall solve the riddle of the universe with tolerable regularity, that they shall prescribe for all the ills of the body, the mind and the soul, and in addition direct our industries and develop our resources. For few of these activities, some useful, some essential and some singularly futile, would Ray Lankester have been suited. His career will remain as an example of disinterested, patient and ingenious research, actuated solely by the desire to learn and to teach, and confined strictly to fields adapted to the methods of scientific investigation. In this respect, as in others, some scientists of this generation would do well to profit by his example.

Bogus Metaphysics

IN this connection it is amusing, if hardly instructive, to note that Professor J. Arthur Thomson announces his belief that human life originated accidentally. For this to be believed, it would be interesting to enumerate the total of unproved and unprovable hypotheses which must be accepted; to bridge the gap between the first dawn of chaos and the arrival of authentic man the number of necessary fusions of gases and chemicals, each occurring accidentally under accidentally suitable conditions of climate, temperature, &c., is obviously immense. And when we have persuaded ourselves, in defiance of the law of economy of hypotheses, to accept this extraordinary

series of coincidences as the origin of life, where are we? Where did the chemical ingredients come from? If any metaphysician or theologian dared to support his doctrines by explanations of this kind, he would be laughed out of court. Why must it be left, in a scientific age, for a scientist to advance theories of this kind, which can only be described as a hurried patchwork of superfluous guesses? We are all entitled to guess, but not to do so in the name of science. It is not by processes of reasoning such as this that physical and chemical science has gained for itself an honourable place in the history of learning.

Cotton

THE cotton settlement is wise for the time. We do not profess any sympathy for the principle of arbitration, because there is no principle at all behind it. In the present case, however, it provides an opportunity for investigating the extent, if any, to which faulty organization and administration are responsible for the depressed conditions of the industry. Obviously it is in the national interest that this question should be probed, but the Arbitrators, after sitting two days, have decided on a reduction in wages which is half what the employers demanded. This is, however, only an "immediate easement" and it is recognised that wage reduction is not the only remedy.

The usual vice of arbitration is that, unless there is an agreed ratio at the start between wages and profits, there is nothing relevant to arbitrate about. The result in Australia has been that arbitrators have contented themselves almost invariably with relating wages to prices—a disastrous and quite irrelevant criterion, the adoption of which has meant a steady rise in price levels defended by a steadily increasing tariff. It sounds a hard thing to say that wages should not be related to prices, but it is fundamentally true. Indeed, it ought to be obvious that to measure a man's reward not by the value of what he produces himself but by the value of what other men produce is mere bedlam economics. But if this ought to be obvious, it unfortunately is not, at least to the majority of progressive thinkers. We can only hope that the sub-committee appointed to deal with

the subject will keep their eye on the cotton trade and not on the Board of Trade index figures. If so, good may come at the last out of this unfortunate dispute.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence

It is a good thing that Mr. Mead has not taken drastic action about Mr. D. H. Lawrence's pictures. An exhibition of this kind is a real service to art. To see these silly indecencies and then to go to the National or the Tate Gallery is to see in half-an-hour the difference between Art and rubbish. The distinction between the two is important, even in the twentieth century, and we are genuinely grateful to Mr. Lawrence for letting his taste for *blague* get the better of him and for providing us with so perfect an object-lesson.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The Hague.—Our younger generation, according to Mr. Snowden, is, for the first time in its existence, tasting the proud joy of thanking God—à la Gilbert—that he is an Englishman. There is, after all, something in what Mr. Snowden says, and through the liveliest comments upon his ridiculous and grotesque attitude, there pierces a slight tone of envy, a slight regret that M. Briand was not the first to sound the klaxon note of nationality. He has refrained from any such action, with the result that at the Hague a regular Continental Coalition has been formed against the country which wants to liquidate the war so completely as to return to the solid bases of its traditional foreign policy. During the war the governing interests of our policy of defence and markets were at stake. For some time afterwards European solidarity remained a necessity. Then there came a period when sentiment, rather than tradition, dictated our conduct, and led Sir Austen Chamberlain to confess the irregularity of his liaison with France. British opinion seems to have awakened to the fact that a mistress is apt to be expensive in ratio to her charms, and that even a nation cannot long support a whole harem of houris, without in the long run yearning for a quiet life. Those who fondly imagined that foreign policy was solely governed by the high principles of the League of Nations or by one country liking the smell of another country's bread and its omelettes, have now to realise that friendship between two countries will only remain a factor in world affairs so long as each of them finds therein its profit. Major Kitchener, at the beginning of Anglo-French disputes about Egypt, was to France, as Rochefort elegantly wrote, " the sinister, whisky-sodden, Major Kitchener." By 1914, in spite of all the years in which he presumably drank whisky, he had become one of the many heroes and saviours of France.

While there is no need to take too seriously the passing mood of comparatively restrained Anglophobia, it would indeed be a pity to give it any solid justification.

Snowden's Aim.—Mr. Snowden has frankly bewildered the French, who are seeking in the most unlikely directions for reasons for his attitude. Thus some ascribe it to spite

aroused by France's refusal to hold the Conference in London, to vanity or ill-health or natural bad manners. Others see in it a lever to force France to immediate evacuation of the Rhineland or the determination to make of London the headquarters of the International Bank provided for in the Young plan. Some ingenious scribes see in it nothing but a desire to win a victory to satisfy constituents who, although the Government has only been in office a few weeks, are alleged to be restive because unemployment still exists, and there are still warships at sea. Others, more imaginative, and perhaps more far-sighted, see in the Hague a further indication of a British intention to keep free from any scheme for an economic United States of Europe and to come to an understanding with the United States of America.

The Rhine.—M. Briand is too experienced a man to have yielded to the temptation of becoming a national hero by bringing about an early rupture of the Hague Conference. He knows too well how fleeting are such moments of popularity. By the time these notes are published, the Hague Conference will have come to an end, and the best that can be hoped is that sufficient progress will have been made to enable experts to get close enough to each other's point of view to justify a second attempt at liquidation being made in the second half of September. M. Briand does not suffer from many illusions as to his own Parliamentary difficulties. At present he adopts the attitude that French evacuation of the Rhine depends upon the fate of the Young plan, but by getting the political and military experts to work on evacuation while the Young plan is still far from acceptance, he has allowed the cart to get in front of the horses. French problems of evacuation differ greatly from ours. France has, to begin with, always looked upon occupation as one of the guarantees of reparation. Her troops in the Rhine number 50,000 and the British a tenth of that figure. While our 5,000 men can return without difficulty or loss to the ordinary army organisation, such is not the case with France. Her 50,000 men constitute, thanks to the experience gained by both officers and men, by far and away the core of French military strength, which would be greatly weakened, had this well-trained unity, instead of being utilised as a covering force of the frontier, to be

dispersed, owing to precipitate evacuation, to the four corners of France. The necessity of keeping this force intact is all the greater to French eyes as, in spite of years of discussion, practically nothing has yet been done towards fortifying the Eastern frontiers. The mobilisation period having been slowed down on both sides of the Rhine in conformity with the new conception of a nation in arms, the first shock along the river would be borne exclusively by the covering troops, which would require the backing of a well-considered and well-armed system of support points. That can be given by fortification alone, and the fact that both Germany and France are members of the League of Nations and signatories of the Kellogg Pact does not seem likely to alter the situation.

Educating Montparnasse.—Montparnasse has always considered itself in the forefront of all the arts, but in spite of its rather peculiar school of poetry, it has not often struck the outsider as very literary. It is now to be educated by a new House of Amusement, founded by a poet who in past years has had a certain amount of celebrity on the rival hill of Montmartre. Noel Garnier is opening a " boite," at which songs and verses will be sung and said, and literary discussions will take place. As he thinks that in this least Parisian quarter of Paris there might not be sufficient support for an entirely French programme, he is beginning by International evenings, at which works will be given culled from all the countries of the world, not excluding Mexico, Finland, China and Hawai. Lest this should seem too "high-brow" for the local frequenters of night haunts, the company is requested to wear the dress of the nation selected for the evening's entertainment. The costume of the Congo would be comfortable wear in a Paris which is always sultry at Montparnasse, and is now sultry everywhere, and an evening devoted to Negro art is one of the first on the list.

War on the Amateur.—War has been declared by the various associations and societies of the French theatrical world, war to the knife upon the amateur. The Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts has given his hearty approval to the formation of a committee which shall issue what amounts to at once a certificate of talent and a licence to perform on the French stage. Theatrical and concert managers engaging performers not furnished with

this document will find themselves in danger of strikes and ostracisation. Henceforward, to act one must be a professional actor, to sing, one must be a professional singer. A provisional licence will be given to beginners, on the demand of two accredited persons; this will last for three years, with an annual visa showing engagements fulfilled. Then the permanent permit will be issued. This can be temporarily withdrawn for dishonourable or unprofessional conduct or for procuring it on false pretences; also, and this is the pith of the arrangement, for playing with artistes who have no licence, for playing gratuitously, or for paying to play.

Helping the Theatre.—The French theatre is not in a prosperous condition. It is heavily taxed, it has the increasing competition of the cinema to fight, and amateurism is the last straw. The State theatres are undersubsidised, and can hardly be expected to refuse unofficial subsidies from rich amateurs. Paris is woefully accustomed to "gala performances" at which perfectly unknown artistes are seen in star-roles, supported by the regular company, orchestra, and staff. These birds of passage are surrounded by a halo of expensive publicity; more ado is made about them than about any of the legitimate pillars of the opera or drama; and their talent is sometimes more conspicuous in persuading some rich friend to finance the "gala" than in their performance. They are nearly always foreigners, who are anxious to be able to say in their own country that they have appeared in star parts in Paris.

Less spectacular are the people who try to creep into a little limelight by offering their services free. They also, however, are a menace to the prosperity and prestige of the profession. Incidentally, the clause against playing for nothing will serve to diminish the incubus of charity performances, which lies heavily on true professionals. The committee has a very delicate task before it, but all who are interested in the dramatic and operatic profession will wish it success. It will have an annual president, who will be in turn an author, an artist, and a director. He will summon it as occasion requires. Some such protection for the artist is badly wanted in other countries than France; in England the charity-performance nuisance alone would justify the existence of a similar body.

The Egyptian Treaty and After

By Charles Sarolea

Professor in the University of Edinburgh :
Late Visiting Professor of Political Science in the University of Cairo.

THE startling surprise of the Egyptian Treaty which has been sprung upon the nation during the parliamentary recess must bring home to every British citizen the revolutionary change, not only in the foreign policy of the British Government, but, what is infinitely more important, in the subconscious political mentality and attitude of the British people. It reveals how completely their interests have been transferred from external to domestic questions. The most remarkable thing about it is not the Treaty itself, but the reaction, or rather the absence of reaction of public opinion.

Like the Wild Asses Skin in Balzac's famous novel, the British mind seems to be visibly shrinking. Before the war it was the proud boast of the British people that they were thinking imperially. To-day they are in a humbler mood and are quite content to think parochially. They are more concerned to pay their extortionate taxes and to devise ways and means to stave off national bankruptcy. Before the war Egyptian affairs bulked so largely in our imagination that we were quite ready to risk a war with France rather than surrender to her an outlying post on the White Nile. To-day we care no more for the White or the Blue Nile than for the Blue Moon. Before the war the mere idea of the evacuation of Egypt would have been looked upon as high treason and any government which attempted to propose it would have been hounded out of office. To-day a minority government, within a few weeks of its accession to power, with a hundred urgent questions to settle, does not hesitate, without consulting Parliament, to surrender our dearly bought positions in the Valley of the Nile. And the summary dismissal of a high servant of State whose only crime was that he served British interests too well has hardly caused a ripple of

public excitement. Dante consigns to the Nether Regions of the Inferno the gentle and saintly pope who made "the great refusal." Sir Austen Chamberlain, the anti-imperialist son of an imperialist father, does not even dare to criticise his Socialist successor for his abandonment of a splendid trust.

The new Egyptian policy of the Labour Government will appear all the more baffling when we compare it, not only with that of previous British administrations, but with the present policy of our French Allies. France recently had to wage a succession of costly guerilla wars in Morocco, but she does not dream of withdrawing from the Atlas Mountains. In Syria she is confronted with formidable difficulties. She has to quell one insurrection after another. When I was staying in Damascus, the very suburbs of the capital were in the hands of the rebels. But the French cabinet has no thought of giving up her Syrian mandate. Yet no one would contend that either Morocco or Syria possesses for France the same vital importance which Egypt possesses for Great Britain. How then shall we account for the extraordinary difference between the imperial policies of the two powers?

Strange though the contrast may appear, there are many reasons to explain it and the cumulative effect of these reasons has proved irresistible.

In the first place, Great Britain declared from the beginning that her occupation of Egypt would only be temporary. Since 1882, there have been some forty such declarations by responsible statesmen. It may be urged that they were primarily made to disarm the French and that eventually French opposition was bought off by the agreement about Morocco. But the original declarations remained and the one-sided arrangement with France did not and could not affect the pledges and promises which were made to the Egyptian people themselves.

In the second place, the evacuation of Egypt is in accordance with the spirit—or should we rather say, the lack of spirit?—of the times. It is the result of general war weariness and reduced political vitality. Like an industrial magnate who is getting old and cautious and

fearful of unnecessary risks, the British people since the war seem to be mainly concerned to reduce their commitments and to "play for security." Mr. Kipling is as completely out of fashion as Joseph Chamberlain. The white man is tired of his heavy burden. Gibbon tells us in the opening chapter of his history how the successors of Augustus, being convinced that the Roman Empire had reached its utmost limits, decided to recall their legions from every frontier. The history of modern England is a striking repetition of the history of ancient Rome. We also are renouncing one sphere of influence after another. The abandonment of Egypt must be looked upon as being only part of a general system of liquidation. We started by surrendering Ireland. We then gave up in India and China impregnable positions which it had taken a hundred years to consolidate. Obeying the same inexorable logic of events, we are now retreating from the Valley of the Nile.

There is a third reason to explain the Egyptian Treaty. It is in accordance with the prevailing political philosophy, the Wilsonian principle of self-determination; with that revival of nationalism which not only led to the resurrection and liberation of ancient nationalities like Poland and Czechoslovakia, but also to the emergence of many "nationalities" like Estonia, Lettonia and Lithuania, which never had any historical existence before. We need not examine whether that principle can be applied to Egypt, whether Egypt has ever constituted a national entity, or ever was an independent people. Nor need we inquire how far it is possible to reconcile the nationalism which seems to inspire the Egyptian policy of the Labour Government with that opposite political philosophy of internationalism which is its very negation and which is common to Labour Parties all over the world. The truth is that our post-war politics have nothing to do with sound logic. They have been largely a matter of sentiment, of fashion and of expediency.

A fourth reason for the abandonment of Egypt is that it is the almost inevitable outcome of that extraordinary political document called the Declaration of 1922 which ended the British Protectorate established in 1914

and which, largely as the result of a long campaign of intimidation, proclaimed the "sovereignty and independence" of the Egyptian people. That recognition of a sovereign and independent Egypt made the task of every successive British administration increasingly difficult. It inaugurated in the Valley of the Nile a Condominium similar to the Dyarchy in India. Under normal circumstances such a Condominium might have been a workable and durable experiment. Great Britain always had a genius for compromise, and in the past all Egyptian Governments, as Lord Milner explained in his classical treatise, have been in fact political paradoxes. Unfortunately circumstances since 1922 have never been normal and therefore compromises which were feasible before the war are no longer possible after it. How was it possible to prevent a "sovereign and independent nation" from becoming a member of the League of Nations or from appealing to the arbitrament of international law and using the ambition and rivalry of other powers? On the other hand, how was it possible, when all governments were proclaiming the gospel of general disarmament, to justify the maintenance of an army of occupation in the face of all orthodox principles of International Law? Or to prevent that "sovereign and independent Egyptian people" from managing or mismanaging its own affairs, and even ultimately expelling the hated foreigner, if they felt so inclined?

There is one last and decisive reason to account for the Treaty. It is very doubtful whether the Labour Government would have proceeded with their Egyptian policy at the risk of incurring a Parliamentary defeat. But they knew full well that they were running no such risk. They might rest assured of the loyal support of the Liberal and Radical minority. For even more than the Labour Party the Radicals are committed to opposing the continued occupation of Egypt. As far back as Cobden and Bright, they were pledged to an anti-imperialist policy. If we are to believe the secret history of the British occupation by Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Gladstone was tricked into intervention by the intrigues of Gambetta and Dilke and the Rothschilds. From the very beginning the Grand Old Man would have

surrendered Egypt, had it not been for the tragic consequences of the betrayal of Gordon and the indignant outcry of public opinion. Even more than the achievements of Lord Cromer, the fall of Khartum and the battle of Omdurman were responsible for British policy. But notwithstanding the pressure of circumstances the Radical tradition has always remained anti-imperial and the Labour Party of to-day are only the inheritors of that tradition. So far as Egypt is concerned, there can be no possible disagreement between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George. It is therefore a foregone conclusion that, when the draft Treaty is submitted to Parliament after the recess, the Labour Government will be able, with the help of the Radicals, to secure a substantial majority.

I have given some of the reasons which explain and may even be thought by many to justify the evacuation of Egypt. Yet with all those reasons, that evacuation must needs appear as a sorry ending and a pitiful anti-climax to an heroic chapter of British History. It is a chapter replete with dramatic events and commanding personalities, a record of shocking crimes and magnificent achievements, shameful blunders and glorious triumphs. Before the mind's eye passes the chequered history of the Valley of the Nile since 1882: the revolt of Arabi Pasha; the Bombardment of Alexandria; the long diplomatic duel between Great Britain and France; the French policy of pin pricks; the master stroke of Beaconsfield in countering that policy and in getting financial control of the Suez Canal; the proconsulate of Cromer, the greatest of modern British administrators; the rise of Kitchener; the revolt of the Mahdi; the tragedy of Gordon and the fall of Khartum; the victory of Omdurman and the conquest of the Sudan; the French attempt to establish themselves on the Nile at Fashoda; and even King Leopold trying to peg out a claim on the Upper Nile in the Lado Enclave. Then we note the triumphs of modern engineering and the colossal irrigation works; the treason of the Sultan; the expulsion of the Khedive; the substitution of a British Protectorate for Turkish suzerainty; the weary four years' campaign in the desert guarding the Canal; and Allenby's epic march on

Palestine. After Cromer's departure begins the lamentable story of muddle and confusion; the rise of Zaglul Pasha as the National Dictator; the ghastly epidemic of murders and riots; then the strange and hitherto unexplained conversion of Milner; and at last the firm and strong statesmanship of Lord Lloyd succeeding in retrieving the blunders of his predecessors and restoring peace and order. These are only a few of the crowded incidents which make up the paradoxical history of forty-seven years of British occupation.

To the philosophical historian, however, the modern history of Egypt has an even deeper and wider significance. It synchronises with two extreme and contradictory phases of British policy. It coincides with the zenith and the decline of British imperialism. The British occupation in 1882 in a sense began the opening up of the Dark Continent to British enterprise. This swarming of the British beehive in the late Victorian Era is the modern parallel of the discoveries and explorations of the Elizabethan age. Just as that age may be called the American period of British colonisation, and the eighteenth century the Asiatic period, the nineteenth is preeminently the African. The occupation of Egypt led by rapid stages to the occupation and conquest of the Sudan, West and East Africa, Natal and Rhodesia, and ultimately to the linking up of the British African possessions from North to South by the grandiose scheme of the Cape to Cairo Railway.

Seeley in his epoch-making treatise "The Expansion of England," which was published two years after Tel-el-Kebir, tells us that the British Empire was conquered in a fit of absence of mind. The occupation of Egypt certainly was not the outcome of a deep-laid design like the Napoleonic expedition in 1798. At the beginning it was a mere accident; it was intended to meet a mere unexpected and temporary emergency. There is no reason to doubt that Gladstone, who was, in principle, a Little Englander, was quite sincere in his profession that Great Britain would evacuate at the earliest possible moment and his sincerity is proved by the very vacillations of his policy. Those vacillations considerably hampered the work of successive High Commissioners.

They also explain why British publicists and statesmen, from the beginning, adopted an apologetic attitude with regard to the British occupation.

Yet it is no idle boast to assert that never were intervention and occupation by a foreign power more signally justified by results. Great Britain found Egypt a prey to anarchy: she restored law and order. She found a country reduced to bankruptcy by the criminal extravagance of Ismail Pasha and squeezed by international money-lenders. She restored it to prosperity. She found a Government hopelessly demoralised by the traditional corruption of the Turkish and Circassian Pashas: she substituted a clean, just and efficient administration.

In this connection it would be extraordinarily interesting to compare in detail the methods and aims of British and French administration. The French, like the Romans, primarily aimed at a military purpose, and in that aim they magnificently succeeded. The French African colonies in the war actually supplied hundreds of thousands of splendid fighting material. On the contrary, the British objects in Egypt have been mainly political and economic. Egypt was looked upon as the appendage and trade route of India. Again, France in her African possessions was thinking primarily of furthering French interests, while British colonisation honestly tried to further the interests of the natives. It would not be easy to show conclusively what Great Britain has gained materially from the occupation of Egypt, but it is obvious that the mass of the Egyptian people have gained enormously. For thousands of years they have been oppressed and exploited by their rulers. Throughout the ages the Egyptian peasant has been a patient beast of burden. Under British rule, for the first time, the Fellahin reaped the fruits of their hard labours. Cromer considered himself primarily as the Trustee of the peasants and saw that taxes were moderate and fairly distributed. The value of the land multiplied tenfold, the price of an acre often rising to £600 and even £1,000. In one generation the population more than doubled and a narrow strip of land which is smaller than the area of Belgium is able to-day to support fifteen million inhabitants.

Nor have the foreign colonies benefited less than the natives. It is not too much to say that European nations, with the Egyptian people, reaped all the benefits, whereas, Great Britain bore all the burdens. Great Britain consistently maintained the policy of the open door. She established a magnificent field for European enterprise, with the result that foreign capital was invested in much larger proportion than British. She respected all the rights granted under the Capitulations and even submitted to the scandalous exemption of foreigners from taxation. Alexandria became the most prosperous of Greek colonies, as she was in the days of the Ptolemies. Cairo became the happy hunting-ground of French and Belgian contractors. Even the management of the Suez Canal Company remained almost entirely in French hands, although both the political and the financial control was British. In the Mixed Courts non-British judges continued in the majority. The culture of Egypt remained largely French and the French language the vehicle of international intercourse. As recently as 1926, in the Faculty of Arts of the University of Cairo, I was the only British subject and I was only there as a passing visiting professor. Egyptian students educated in English secondary schools had to listen to French professors speaking in a language which their audience did not understand.

British rule in Egypt was characterised not only by efficiency and integrity, but also by restraint and moderation. The military occupation was largely an invisible occupation. Long after Cromer had become the omnipotent Proconsul, he retained the modest title of Agent, and Consul-General. I happened to live in the house which he occupied almost until the end. This unpretentious residence, which to-day forms the premises of the Turf Club, suggests nothing of Oriental pomp and circumstance. Even so, Cromer's collaborators were content with the unassuming title of advisers. The last and ablest of Cromer's successors, Lord Lloyd, did not depart from the traditions created by his predecessor. Although a strong man, he consistently preferred the methods of diplomacy to the display of brute force. During my brief occupation of the Chair

of Political Science in Cairo, I had many opportunities to witness and admire the tact with which the British High Commissioner avoided offending the susceptibilities either of the Egyptians or the foreign colonies. To illustrate his methods I may quote two characteristic incidents. On my arrival, a students' strike had been declared in my Faculty. The political situation was tense and charged with electricity. Instead of taking high-handed measures, Lord Lloyd had a quiet talk with Zaglul Pasha which was not even reported in the Press. The result was that perfect order prevailed for the remainder of the academic Session. A few days after, on the occasion of my first public lecture, at which the High Commissioner presided, the American and Czechoslovak Ministers sent an indignant note to the Egyptian Government on the ludicrous ground that at my opening meeting the High Commissioner had presumed to occupy a Chair on a raised platform, whereas the Foreign Ministers had had to be content with seats in the area of the hall. I mention this trivial and grotesque incident because it proves that, although the British High Commissioner possessed in reality dictatorial powers, foreign representatives still looked upon him as their equal in diplomatic status and merely as "primus inter pares."

It is too early to anticipate the results of the Treaty and its repercussion in our other Eastern possessions, although it seems unlikely indeed that India is going to be satisfied with a smaller measure of "independence" than Egypt. It is hard to conceive how the provisions of the Treaty are going to be carried out. One can imagine what the British Tommy will think of being transferred from the comfortable barracks and civilised surroundings of Cairo and Alexandria to the dreary solitude of the desert, under an implacable sky in a god-forsaken region where it only rains one or two days in the year. But it is not easy to see how other European nations are going to be compelled to give up the privileges which they enjoyed under the Capitulations and which they were never prepared to surrender, even at a time when Great Britain was all powerful in Egypt. Most difficult of all is it to conceive how the powers are

going to accept the substitution of Native for European Justice. European nations have had experience of the Native Courts which have been hotbeds of bribery and corruption. They have also had experience of the Mixed Courts, which have worked admirably.

In trying to realise the probable operation of the Treaty let us beware of the rhetoric of the demagogue and the fallacy of using political terms and applying institutions which were made by Europeans for European conditions and which can have no possible application to the East. It is as impossible to transplant Western institutions to Egypt as it would be to transplant a palm-tree or acclimatise a camel in Scotland. It is an historical paradox that we are introducing the parliamentary system into Egypt at the very moment when it has proved such a failure that one country in Europe after another is resorting to dictatorship. We are introducing the parliamentary system into a country possessing none of the conditions which have insured its comparative success with Anglo-Saxon peoples; into a country which has 90 per cent. of illiterates, no public opinion, no free Press, no middle class and no ruling class. We are told, it is true, that the education of the Egyptian people, which was neglected under British tutelage, will henceforth be the main concern of the new regime. But, we know that all the educational experiments which have so far been tried in Egypt have been hopeless failures. So far, the Egyptian has shown no intellectual curiosity, no desire to learn. Even Egyptian Archæology and History and Semitic Philology remain foreign monopolies. The school diploma is only looked upon as the means of getting a post in a government office. Schools have been nurseries of political agitation and examinations have been a farce. When I was teaching in the Faculty of Arts, one hundred per cent. of the candidates were allowed to pass. As for the University of El Azhar, the most famous seat of learning in the Mahomedan world, with its 30,000 students, it is a bad elementary school whose low standards of teaching would not be tolerated for one term in any Western country.

We talk of Egyptian nationalism, as if the word

had, in the East, the same meaning which it has in the West. The nationalist leaders in Egypt are in no sense whatsoever national leaders and have nothing in common with the Egyptian peasants. They are mostly foreigners, the sons of Albanian, Turkish and Circassian Pashas. They are an oligarchy with all the vices of an oligarchy and without any of the responsibility or virtues of a ruling class.

The Egyptian demagogue may rejoice that he has succeeded at last in shaking off the oppression of the hated European. He forgets that everything in Egypt has been accomplished by Europeans. Every canal and bridge, every hotel and palace, every bank and factory, every trade and industry, have been their work. Although the Egyptian landowners are among the richest in the world—incomes of £100,000 not being uncommon—there is no instance of an Egyptian capitalist who has been able, by his own unaided efforts, to build up a business or a bank. Although they profess to be good Mahomedans, they have allowed their magnificent mosques to decay. Although they profess to be proud of their past, they have allowed their magnificent temples to be buried in the sands. Their very language remained unintelligible until European archæologists deciphered its meaning.

It may be that we are unduly pessimistic and that the African leopard can change his skin. Political freedom, which in all times and countries is a delicate plant of very slow growth, may in Egypt grow overnight like the prophet's gourd. Mahomedanism, which we have hitherto known as a fanatical and obscurantist creed, may suddenly become tolerant and enlightened. It may be that Egyptian women, hitherto shut up in the harem, will suddenly be emancipated and assert their equality with man.

The Egyptian demagogue boasts that under the New Treaty the people will recover their liberties and revive the glories of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. But the Egyptian people for 4,000 years have never been free and the rule of the Pharaohs was an iron rule of despots and priests. Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt, but she was not an Egyptian Princess; she was a pure

Greek. The Ptolemies were a Hellenic Dynasty encamped on Egyptian soil.

If the history of the past can give us any guidance, so far from Egyptian " independence " ushering in an era of progress and prosperity, it is much more probable that the new regime will mean the end of an orderly and just administration and the gradual return of the people to barbarism. Young Egypt will follow the ways of her teachers and masters, the young Turks, and she may see once more the corruption and maladministration of the Pashas. Famine may once more desolate an impoverished country which will be no longer able to support its 15,000,000 inhabitants and civil war once more will alternate with anarchy. If these are to be the fruits of Egyptian " freedom," it needs no prophet to foretell that anarchy will soon be succeeded by the rule of the sword and that it will not be long before another European power will step in to resume the task so wantonly surrendered by Great Britain.

Some Thoughts upon the Nature of Politics

By Viscount Knebworth

THERE are only two fundamental political creeds in any state—that of the contented and that of the discontented. Obviously the political parties have today strayed very far from those two fundamental differences, but up to very recent years political opinion was really a matter of personal character. It is possible to some extent to analyse the characteristics of the people who composed the two antagonistic parties of the last century. Superficially politics may be a question of various expedients, but deep down in the hearts of the people they are something more lasting and profound than the mere details of legislation. There are real political differences still extant in England which approach much more nearly to those of content and discontent than to those of tariffs and free trade.

There have generally been two distinct elements in the Conservative and two in the Liberal party. The two conservative elements were the "Tory" and the "swashbuckler"; the two Liberal, the "dissenter" and the "free thinker."

The "Tory" element is traditionally the party of the land. It contains narrow-minded, humble people who cling to the accustomed things, who love peace and quiet and security, who sow the fields and reap the harvest and see in everything the wondrous hand of God. It is contented and unenterprising: its joys are small joys and its sorrows small sorrows. It is not foolish but it is not clever. Rather perhaps is it wise, cautious and a little stubborn. It possesses faith and loyalty and is capable of great suffering. It will never be rich in money but it is eternally rich in fidelity and happiness. It tends to put great store by the affairs of the particular

hearth and home and little store by the national and international crises of history.

> These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
> Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
> The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
> And sunset and the colours of the earth.
> They had seen movement and heard music, known
> Slumber and waking; loved, gone proudly friended;
> Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone,
> Touched flowers and furs and cheeks . . .

You will find these people sitting outside their cottages on a summer's evening or waiting in suburban parlours for a husband to come home from the office. They will tell you that the old cow is dead or that the colonel's sciatica is bad and that the vicar went away yesterday for his holiday. Or perhaps you may see them reading, pipe in mouth, round the fire in the evening, clipping roses in the garden, catching a horse in the paddock. They are the sons of the soil and their descendants, the " Tories."

The other element of which the Conservative party was composed is the " swashbuckler " or the jingo. These rode with Rupert of the Rhine or fought with Wellesley in the Dekkan. They sailed to New Zealand and hacked their way westward through Canadian forests. They are quick to anger, the children of the earth, and in every new corner they see a dragon to be subdued or an antagonist to be overthrown. Their language is disgraceful, they drink more than is good for them and they hit too quickly when the occasion arises. While others work in the fields, they are fighting on the village green or drinking in the pub. When others are home, tired, with the sunset, their restless roving spirit carries them into the dark places of the night. They are of the fresh air and the battle. They love the wind and the rain and the sound of the trumpet.

> All their wars are merry
> And all their songs are sad.

They go rejoicing to the wars and they return, leaving their dead behind, with heavy hearts. And they have not been home a month before they are making trouble again, poaching, brawling, betting, gambling, dancing, making

love to other men's wives, racing, horse-coping, drinking, shouting, laughing; the time-old, glorious buccaneers. They will die gladly for an ideal or less than an ideal, but they will not live for one. Lust is theirs, courage to defend, against overwhelming odds, the defenceless; madness to risk all they possess on the chance spin of a coin; blind; unswerving loyalty to a friend; a cold, implacable hatred of an enemy; a great love of the good things of life and a heart full of laughter.

The two elements in the Liberal party have been the "dissenter" and the "free thinker." The "dissenter" is austere, hard-living, saintly. He is a disciplinarian who puts his faith in certain high standards of living, certain unchanging and unswerving principles, certain fixed and concrete ideals. These are the Puritans, the Nonconformists, the Protestants, the Ironsides, men who will also gladly die for an ideal, but who would much rather live for one. Seeing a new grail and to attain it, they will gladly destroy the whole structure of society. Theirs is the mind which cuts through all the frills and ornamentations of argument, straight and ruthlessly to the point. They set themselves high standards and by these standards they live. You will see them walking over the hills—tall, powerful men with lean faces, full hearts and silent tongues. You will see them austere, efficient and successful, going about their work in the city. On Sundays they fill the chapels and churches and they find their God not in the wild places of the earth and the strange miracles of nature; not deep down in the thankfulness of their hearts, but in books and in the fiery constancy of their minds. Charity is not for them nor the milk of human kindness, for clearly defined are the paths of good and rigid is the code of laws by which they have bound themselves. You will see them in the high places, gallantly withstanding the burdens of their lot, unbowed by the cares and troubles which life has placed upon their shoulders. Side by side with the swashbuckler, they have fought England's battles under Eastern suns and in the depths of primeval forests. They are always seeking after some strange, mysterious, unattainable thing—a nobler thing, a better thing, a higher thing.

Theirs is the unrest of the goal never reached, the struggle of the victory never won. For them there is no peace and no rest. Yet not with the sword is the battle to be fought, but in the silence of the heart and the steadfastness of the soul. Their liberty is the liberty of the law and their law a stern, unbending law. This is the liberalism of the great rebellion, the liberalism of the soldier, of the crofter and of the city clerk. It is the liberalism of the soul, a righteous revolt against the degenerate ways of careless, idle things. It is virile, determined, relentless, self-sacrificing, and cold as the virgin snow.

The other Liberal element was that of the "free thinker." Of these are the individualists, the exponents of *laissez faire*, the free traders, the disciples of self-determination. They did not conceive of a code of rules to govern the actions of men, for they believed in a natural human code. They invented the economic and the political man. They wrote books to prove their theories and poems to create them, and in the office or the library they solved the whole riddle of human affairs. You will see them, keen, thoughtful professors, no regarders of persons, careless of their personal attire, wrapped up in the logic of mathematical and philosophical literature. They will talk to you of economic law, of the needs and the wants of men, of rent and remuneration, of costs, production and wealth. You will find them also untidy poets whose hearts bleed for the sufferings of humanity and who gaze longingly into the future when the golden age will have dawned. You will see them, the unselfish champions of a new cause, the patient workers of a hundred tired and weary homes. You will hear them, impatient orators, calling for the liberation of the world.

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face.

Those were the old political divisions and, since human character changes little through the ages, there is much that still remains.

The "Tory" makes a poor soldier unless his home

is actually threatened, and the "swashbuckler" the greatest of all leaders; the "dissenter" makes the finest of soldiers and the "free thinker" the worst of leaders. The secret of the Empire is that it has been built up by an army of "dissenters" marching under "swashbuckler" leadership. But at home the "swashbuckler" thinks the "dissenter" a prig and the "dissenter" thinks the "swashbuckler" a child of Satan. Between them no love is lost. On the other hand, there is a certain bond of sympathy between the "Tory" and the "dissenter," since both are ever conscious of being but parts of some great, incomprehensible scheme of life. They both feel a little helpless "in the change of years and the coil of things."

Between the "free thinker" and the "Tory," however, there is an eternal enmity. The one has discovered that man is a slave and also the means of liberating him, and finds it disheartening to see the other devoted to his servitude. To the inventor of the political and the economic man, the human animal is anathema. The "Tory," moreover, bitterly resents having the time-old things to which he is accustomed and of which he has grown fond defined as the shackles of an unbearable serfdom. But again there is a certain amount in common between the "swashbuckler" and the "free thinker." They are both poets in their way; both see beauty in strange places and both pursue a philosophy which is of the heart. If one worships nature, the other worships art, and there is undoubtedly a bond between the two.

The Labour Party is not or, at any rate, up to now has not been, a political party. It stood for no particular or personal attitude of mind. It is the result of a series of organisations. If it represented a frame of mind at all, it was the frame of mind of the labourer. It might as well have been the frame of mind of the soldier, the stockbroker, the clerk or the grocer. These are professional and not political frames of mind. In the Conservative and Liberal parties there have been men of all professions and all classes—rich men and poor men, clever men and foolish men, dukes and paupers. Today this may also be true of the Labour party, but it is for no organic reason. Conservatism and Liberalism are

definite political divisions. There is no such thing as Labourism. The Labour party has recruited its ranks, through its organisations and its professionalism, from both Conservatives and Liberals. Today, therefore, the issue is a different one.

There are those who try to keep it the same by nailing to the Labour mast the flag of Socialism. But though there may be Socialists among the Labour leaders, the Labour party in the country is not a Socialist party. By clinging firmly to the name of Labour it is trying, and for the moment succeeding, in giving to its opponents the complexion of the rich man's party. The future is still in the melting pot.

Two things are certain. The first, that in so far as the Labour Party succeeds in keeping the political issue on the basis of class, no good will come to the country or to anyone in it. The second is that from the hour the Labour party became *de facto* a political party, administering the state in a constitutional way, the issue must become more and more a political issue and less and less a class issue.

The old political divisions remain. Human character alters very little and the reactions of the people towards political events remain much the same. The future will decide into what camps and under what banners the "swashbuckler" and the "tory," the "dissenter" and the "free thinker" are to be gathered. These elements may enlist strangely and be led towards new conquests as, out of the welter of post-war politics, the political parties of the future germinate and take shape. But these elements will remain.

Democracy and the Crown

By W. G. Carlton Hall

"THE King reigns, but does not govern." This is the phrase by which "moderately progressive" politicians (who are to be found in every party except the avowedly Communist) reconcile their desire to preserve a Monarchical Constitution with their ideal of "government of the People, by the People, for the People." According to Anson, in former times the King governed through the Ministers; now the Ministers govern through the King. And at the end of the last century this seemed to be not merely the system best adapted to the peculiar character and needs of the United Kingdom and the Empire, but the only possible one. But there are many in this country, and not a few elsewhere, whose fanatical devotion to what they call "democracy" seems to blind them to all considerations of expediency, or even of practical possibility. Such, for instance, are the authors of the proposal, put forward at Geneva more than once, that delegates to the Assembly of the League of Nations should not be nominated by their respective Governments, but elected by popular vote. These enthusiastic democrats, in their zeal to remove all restrictions on "popular" government, have in the last few years brought about two "reforms," the effect of which has not yet become fully apparent, but which are very likely to restore to the British Sovereign a large measure of that personal authority of which he has been gradually deprived in the course of three centuries; the only alternative being, it would seem, the splitting up of the Empire into a number of independent Republics, and something like anarchy in Great Britain. These "reforms" are the Parliament Act, 1911, and the changes in the status of the Dominions since the Imperial Conference of 1926.

It will be convenient to take these two matters in inverse order of date, since the effect of the later, in the direction here indicated, is rather more obvious

than that of the earlier. The Imperial Conference adopted a Report from its Committee on "Inter-Imperial Relations," containing the following sentence :—

> The group of self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions, their position and mutual relation, may be easily defined. They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

For a most able exposition of the confusion in which this "ready definition" has left the question with which it deals, the reader is referred to the Rhodes Lecture delivered in the University of London, on March 15, 1929, by that eminent authority on Constitutional Law, Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C. But from that confusion one point does stand out clearly, namely that the only thing that binds the parts of the Empire together is their common allegiance to the Crown. What exactly does "allegiance" mean? Presumably that those who owe that allegiance are bound to obey all lawful commands of the Crown. But under the dictum of Anson, quoted above, those lawful commands are issued by the King only as the mouthpiece of the Ministers; so that if the Ministers of each part are entitled, as regards their own affairs, to give whatever advice they please, without interference by the Ministers of any other part, and if the King is bound to act on such advice, it follows that the parts are bound together by an obligation to obey commands issued by each to itself. For while the legal or constitutional force of the Imperial Conference report is, as Mr. Morgan has shown, open to grave doubt, it does seem to have had the practical effect of removing the last vestige of the control formerly exercised by the Government of the United Kingdom over the affairs of the Dominions. The Governor-General of a Dominion no longer represents the Government of the United Kingdom; he is the personal representative of the King only. The British Government's representative in the Dominion is a High Commissioner, whose "opposite number" is a High Commissioner representing the Dominion in London.

Mr. Morgan points out one striking effect of this change on the King's position. He says :—

> The Governor-General of every Dominion is directed, sometimes by his Instructions, and sometimes by the very Act of the Imperial Parliament which at once grants and incorporates the Constitution of the Dominion, to "reserve" certain Bills, after they have been passed by the Legislature of the Dominion, "for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure." In so doing he acts alone, and not as "Governor-General in Council," that is to say, not on the advice of the Dominion Government. Hitherto the Colonial Office—we must now say the Dominions Office—has advised His Majesty whether Bills so reserved shall receive his assent or not. But in virtue of the words of the Report I have quoted, the Dominions Office can no longer perform this function. It has abdicated. Who then shall advise the King? For the King, as we all know, cannot act alone. Is the Dominion Government, in other words the very Government which was responsible for originating the Bill so reserved, to advise him? That is equally impossible, for no Government would advise His Majesty to reject its own legislation. The whole object of reservation, which is to preserve some external control over legislation affecting "external" or Imperial interests, would be defeated if the Dominion Government alone advised. This is a very delicate question. I do not think it has ever been put, I am sure it has never been answered. Does it not inevitably point to the exercise of personal power by the King, a personal power which, though constitutionally dormant, is never dead? If it does not point in that direction, the only other course you can steer is a kind of Imperial Cabinet. But an Imperial Cabinet has proved to be impossible, except in time of war, for the simple reason that the Dominion Prime Ministers cannot, except very intermittently, attend one.

The question of withholding the Royal Assent to Dominion Bills affecting external or Imperial interests leads naturally to the question of war and neutrality. Mr. Morgan, later in the same lecture, took the unanswerable line that if in future the King should declare war, as in 1914, on the advice exclusively of the British Government, "every Court in the Dominions will be bound to take judicial notice of such a declaration, with all its legal consequences, such as the illegality of trading with the enemy, the voidance of contracts, and all the rest of it." He also pointed out that in such a case even a formal proclamation of neutrality by a Dominion would not and could not be respected by the enemy, short of the Dominion claiming, and getting the enemy to recognize, its complete independence. But there is one point on which he did not touch. It

has been claimed, not perhaps officially, but quite seriously, on behalf of at least one Dominion, that a Dominion Government has the same right as the Government of the United Kingdom to advise the King to declare war. If the Dominions are the equals of the United Kingdom in " external " affairs it seems impossible to deny the right of a Dominion Government to give such advice; but a declaration by the King, on such advice, would necessarily involve the whole Empire, in the same way as in the case already considered. Thus we arrive at the position of seven equal Governments, each having the right to advise the King on the vital question of war or peace, in such a way as to bind all the others. Which is absurd. And since only the King can actually make war or peace, in the event of his receiving conflicting advice from two of his Governments he will have no possible course but to decide between them on his own responsibility; becoming, however unwillingly, an absolute monarch for the time being.

The Parliament Act does not affect the position of the Sovereign in quite the same obvious way; indeed it does not appear that anyone has yet considered its consequences in this direction at all. But that it will have such consequences sooner or later can hardly be doubted. The Royal Assent to a Bill which had been passed by both Houses of Parliament was before the Act, and still is, regarded as a mere formality; but the Royal Assent to a Bill which has been passed by the Commons, but rejected by the Lords, is a very different matter. The framers of the Act, if the question ever occurred to them at all, evidently thought it impossible that the Assent could ever be refused; since the Act merely provided that after certain formalities a Bill rejected by the Lords may be presented to the King for his assent, and *on the Royal Assent being given* shall become law. The implied assumption that the King has no choice in the matter (for it is important to note that the Act itself does not purport to bind the Sovereign) is on a par with the dictum to be found in certain works on the Constitution, that in case of a deadlock between the two Houses the King is (or was before this Act)

under an obligation to create enough new Peers to make a majority in the Lords in agreement with the Commons. In either case the King might reply, in the words of Shylock, "By what compulsion must I? Tell me that." The only answer is that the vote of the House of Commons infallibly represents the considered will of "the People"; which begs the whole question. Formerly the House of Lords, in case of doubt, could force the Government either to abandon the proposed legislation, or to resign, or to advise a dissolution; and in the last alternative, if the Government again secured a majority at the polls, the Lords usually gave way. The circumstances which led the Lords to abdicate their power by passing the Parliament Act need not be discussed here; but the result of their having done so is that the King may at any time find himself asked to assent to a Bill which the Lords have rejected by an overwhelming majority, and which he himself has reason to believe will bring about a national catastrophe.

There is as yet no precedent which can be held to make it incumbent on the King to give his assent to a Bill presented under the Parliament Act without question; so far only two Bills have been so presented, and both had already been suspended from operation by Bills passed by both Houses. The Royal Assent was given to all four Bills simultaneously; and the Government of Ireland Act, 1914, was repealed, and the Welsh Church Act amended by a Bill passed by both Houses, before being allowed to take effect. And how any Sovereign would or should act in such an event as is here suggested is a question which goes to the very root of social ethics. The orthodox democrat will answer it without hesitation: The Royal Assent must be given in accordance with the declared will of the People. But *ex hypothesi* the real "will of the People" is exactly what is in doubt; otherwise no sane ruler would hesitate for a moment. The present seems a suitable moment for discussing the question; seeing that the Government now in office, being dependent for its existence on the goodwill of one of the parties constituting the official Opposition, is unlikely to attempt any high-handed action. But in these enlightened days a party may secure a majority

in the Commons by methods compared with which the corrupt practices of the pre-Reform era, when candidates used their own money to buy votes, seem as the quintessence of simple honesty. And if, with a majority so obtained, it tried to use the Parliament Act to pass some measure unpopular enough to provoke resistance, the only excuse for democracy—that it counts heads to save the trouble of breaking them—would be gone.

The position of the Sovereign in such a case would not be an easy one. He would have to look behind the figures of the polls and decide for himself what was the real feeling of the country; the bare suggestion of which as a possible contingency is enough to turn the orthodox constitutionalist sick with horror. Parliamentary institutions are supposed to be so firmly rooted in our national character that any step back towards personal rule is, in the jargon of the day, "unthinkable." But it is a common experience of other countries that democratic institutions, if carried too far, usually throw up some kind of a dictator; we have carried on those institutions for a much longer time than most; and if it is our fate at last to do as others have done, we shall have cause for gratitude if the change may come about in the two ways here indicated. Far better for us for our destinies to be entrusted to a hereditary King, with no axe to grind, trained from infancy to statesmanship, and commanding, as do all the House of Windsor, the affection and respect of all classes, than to some self-seeking and unscrupulous demagogue who has climbed to power through a bloody revolution.

Peace and the Polish Corridor

By J. H. Harley

PEACE was a dominating issue at the recent General Election, and that well-known strip of territory which has been rather unhappily termed the Polish Corridor has consequently acquired rather a sinister significance in our own country, because it has been proclaimed among very influential circles as the most insuperable obstacle in the way of a lasting European peace. Pomorze, as the Poles call it, or Pomerellia, as German controversialists prefer to speak of it, is by no means a great or mighty empire. It is equal to half the surface of Belgium or the counties of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight, the parts of Berkshire and Wiltshire to the South of the Thames and Middlesex, with the whole of London.* But small nations, as well as small individuals, have often been among the prime movers of history; and the crowning impulse to the disturbing power of the Corridor was imparted when the Pact of Locarno appeared implicitly to distinguish between the situation on Germany's western and eastern frontiers. On the West the situation was regarded as, in a sense, stabilized; that is to say, sufficiently safe to justify Great Britain in giving an undertaking that she would come out in her strength against a reckless disturber of the peace. On the east, on the other hand, such a condition of affairs, so far as Great Britain was concerned, was by no means assumed to obtain. No contract of insurance against attempts on the Corridor was signed by Great Britain at Locarno, and a great number of British publicists, stirred to a strange excitement by the fact, expressed themselves in cold print to the effect that the safeguarding of the Polish Corridor was not worth a single British cruiser or even a single British grenadier.

The results of this move were unfortunate, and have even yet not ceased to exert their baneful influence on

* So Augur, in his illuminating book, "Eagles Black and White." Augur, as his book shows, wandered about the Corridor on foot and, as he knew the languages, could discover facts for himself.

the fortunes of European peace. In all conferences held to forward the cause of that disarmament which is an inevitable concomitant of any harmony between the nations, the psychological—or rather the sociological—atmosphere in which the conference meets is of primary importance. If the atmosphere is troubled and depressed, if there is no animating sense of security in the minds of men and nations, then none will be found ready to make a beginning in dispensing with some or all of their armed forces. What statesman could be induced to assume such a dubious rôle? Individuals may be found to play the part of Don Quixote, but not an individual who feels that he has in his hands the destinies of a whole nation. At any rate, one simple fact which has emerged is this, that so far as the cause of European disarmament is concerned, the pact of Locarno has been productive of scarcely any palpably practical result. For this distressing consummation the distinction assumed in the Pact by Great Britain between Germany's eastern and western frontier has had a very grave responsibility.

We can even see this baneful and disturbing influence of the Corridor on European peace exerting itself before our very eyes. At the beginning of August an International Conference on Reparations opened with an exchange of conciliatory speeches, and thus, so far as the political, apart from the financial, situation was concerned, in an atmosphere of apparent friendliness. Yet on the very same day there were reports from Berlin conveyed to this country in an Exchange message from Paris, that the Polish police had carried out a raid on many houses at Bydgoszcz in the Corridor and had arrested forty-nine Germans on charges of espionage, high treason, and conspiring against the security of the Polish State. It is unnecessary to inquire further as to the truth of this report, or whether there was any real truth in it at all. The fact that attempts are made to circulate such a message at so critical a time shows how much the Corridor is being used as an instrument of trouble and unsettlement in Europe.

Is there no end to all this? Must the Polish Corridor be regarded as likely to remain a danger spot of Europe

and, therefore, as standing fixedly in the path of any approach to disarmament and a permanent European peace? While yet the ink has hardly dried on the signatures to the Treaty of Versailles, is it so very clear, after all, that a great wrong has been perpetrated on the banks of the Vistula and that, Shylock-like, the allied and associated Powers have torn a slice of its rightful members from that living organism known as the German Reich?

Undoubtedly an affirmative answer to these last two questions has inspired much of the lively indignation expended by controversialists in this country on the subject, and it has certainly given body to their protests that Great Britain in such a cause would not even be inclined to honour her Covenant obligations. But must we really answer these two questions in the affirmative? Sir Robert Donald has just published a book, "The Polish Corridor and the Consequences," which may well make us pause before we assume that the carving of the Corridor was a great wrong perpetrated on Germany. To produce this result was certainly not the purpose of the book. It was written to show that Germany's wrongs are so clamant that an immediate revision must be made of the Treaty of Versailles. Sir Robert is so determined to pile up Pelion on Ossa in his efforts to demonstrate this reality of Germany's wrongs that he most irrelevantly brings many other questions—Upper Silesia, Wilno, Memel—under the heading of "consequences" of the Corridor.

One thing, however, is quite clear, and he could make no attempt to conceal it—he did not go out to visit the Corridor with any intention of aiding the cause of Poland. There is no evidence in the book—very much to the contrary—that he could speak Polish or that he addressed independent questions to a single member of the Polish race. All the allusions which he makes appear to imply that he was surrounded from first to last by Germans resident in Poland, and that his main impressions were derived from the information which they generously vouchsafed him. He has a great deal, for example, to say about the town of Bydgoszcz, but he gravely informs us that when it passed into the hands of the Poles,

this would imply a certain "lowering of the social and cultural standpoint of the populations." Now Sir Robert is a cautious and most agreeable Scot and it can hardly be supposed that, unaided by a Prussian clientele, he would ever have attained to such giddy heights of Nordic arrogance! And our conjecture is borne out by another of his casual allusions in the course of the book. He remarks of the Corridor generally that "the villages throughout the area are very largely Polish" and that he himself "attended a horse show held in the midst of a birch forest near the German frontier, where there was an excellent display of well-bred animals, riding, drawing, jumping competitions which would not have been out of place at the Richmond Horse Show. *All exhibitors and competitors were Germans.*"

This last sentence is specially illuminating. You are not at all likely to get the whole truth about the Polish Corridor if you find your most congenial atmosphere in a German horse show. But if, notwithstanding this prejudiced preliminary training, your Balaam, who was called to curse the Polish occupation, ends by bestowing upon it what may properly be called a blessing, then we may be sure that the facts have exercised a strong constraining influence indeed. That, at any rate, is what we discover to be the result in the present inquiry. Sir Robert, after some preliminary historical disquisitions of no very great value or relevancy, ends by making it very clear that, whatever may be our conclusion as to the pre-war past, there can be no doubt that at the present time the Polish Corridor has become predominantly Polish. He concedes that "the Polish census of 1921 shows that it contains 80·4 per cent. Poles." To save his face he endeavours to abate the force of this admission by adding that "the results of local and parliamentary elections would indicate a larger proportion of Germans—or of voters who vote German, which is not necessarily the same thing." Sir Robert does not say what this larger proportion of Germans, or smaller proportion of Poles, in these elections is and, in doing this, he surely exercised a wise discretion. At any rate, on looking up the facts, we find that, at the 1920 election, the latest Sir Robert appears to have

brought under review, the percentage of Polish votes was 71·6 per cent. In 1922, however, that percentage had risen to 84·7 per cent. and in 1928 it was returned as 84·8 per cent. It therefore appears that Sir Robert's rather halting effort to minimize the effect of his own figures has conspicuously failed in the light of completer knowledge.

Sir Robert Donald at this stage became amazed at his own boldness. He had reprinted lurid phrases about the mutilation of Germany, and about the everlasting resentment over a crowning act of infamy which lies palpitating in the heart of all the ranks and parties in the Fatherland. He had spoken of the Poles as if at the Peace Conference, and without any real justification in fact or history, they had started demands for wide stretches of territory to which they had never the remotest claim. How could he justify these exuberances of his adopted rhetoric? In his despair he falls back on the Kashubians. These said Kashubians are a tribe inhabiting the north-western part of the Corridor. They are Slavs, like the Poles and all the other Slavic tribes, and their language differs but very little from the Polish. They are one with the Poles in race and religion, as everyone who travels unattended through their country knows very well. Sir Robert, however, is pleased to make a mystery of them. From whence they come no man can tell. He succeeds in conveying the impression that they are—like the Hungarians or the Lithuanians—a people of alien origin, race and language from those amongst whom their lot is at present cast. This whole part of Sir Robert's book is indeed superficial and absurd. It is true that we do not know so much about early Slavic origins as we do about the tribes of Gaul. The Romans did not come in contact so directly with the Slavs, and it was the Romans who wrote the histories of the earlier Europe. Only in these later days have we succeeded in knowing something about Slavic pre-history, and there is now no reason for separating the Kashubians from the other Slavs, or imagining that their early history is shrouded in a denser cloud of mystery.

The Kashubians cannot, then, by any stretch of imagination be removed from the Polish majority in the

Corridor. Sir Robert is unable to disown his blessing on any such flimsy account. These people were full of Polish enthusiasm and of honest indignation against the German tyranny in the days before the war, and they sent members to the German Reichstag to strengthen the Polish protest which there found an ineffectual voice. Sir Robert, indeed, cannot really undo the effect of his own admissions. If his book be taken, as it legitimately may, for the best that may be said in this country on behalf of the German claim, then it may surely be postulated that any such demands for treaty revision, so far as the Corridor is concerned, must inevitably be considered in the light of three rather disconcerting facts. The first of these is that the present Polish Corridor contained a Polish majority before the war, according to Sir Robert Donald's figures of the German census of 1910. The second is that, according to his own admission, the Polish Corridor is now infinitely more Polish than it was in 1910, and more Polish even than it was when the Treaty of Versailles was actually signed. The third is, that a demand on the Poles to consider the question of handing over on terms the Corridor to Germany is in effect a demand made on a proud and patriotic nation to contemplate the possibility of consigning a considerable number of their own nationals, like ineffectual pawns, to the custody of another nation, which has treated them badly in the past, and which, in a future quite within the range of historic possibilities, might even treat them badly again.

Once these inevitable postulates are clearly kept in mind, the whole problem of the Corridor assumes a very different aspect from that represented by a large number of writers and publicists in our own country. The differences believed to exist between the question of Alsace-Lorraine and the question of the Corridor are now discovered to be rather in favour of the Corridor than otherwise. Sir Robert's suggestions for settling the question and restoring peace and harmony in this quarter of Europe must surely, in the light of the postulates extracted from an analysis of his book, be dismissed as at once unwarranted and unpractical. Neglecting these postulates, Sir Robert seriously proposes

that Poland should be asked to hand back the Corridor to Germany, and that the XIXth clause of the Covenant should be stretched so as to justify the League Council in formulating such a demand. It is true he tries in an uncertain and somewhat clumsy way to sweeten his bitter pill. The Vistula will be internationalized under the Barcelona Convention. Germany will be so very kind as to give Poland harbour facilities in Danzig, Hamburg, Bremen, and Stettin. What more could Poland want? She would then have four ports instead of one or two. The number might even at a push be raised to six. Is there anything more for Poland to do than to return grateful thanks to Sir Robert for making them such a generous offer on behalf of their ancient enemy?

Really, however, all this is not practical politics. The very success which the Poles have attained in the creation of their new port at Gdynia makes the question of the restitution of the Corridor more remote than before. If it is desired to make this demand by peaceful means, does any rational creature believe that, on the case presented by Sir Robert, a majority, far less a unanimous vote of the Council, can possibly be obtained? And if the demand is to be made by Germany directly, has not Mr. August Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, stated with the utmost plainness and directness that, in the event of any aggression on the Corridor, the Poles would defend it to their last man and to the last penny of their resources. Is there anything obstinate or irrational in such an attitude? Who are the best friends of peace—the people who face the realities of the situation, or the people, sometimes professed pacifists, who rouse the sleeping dogs of Europe by their ill-instructed pleas for an immediate treaty revision?

The only defence that could possibly be made to this course of reasoning is that the Corridor, as it exists to-day, is only an abstraction. On this view Pomorze should be considered as an inalienable part of East and West Prussia, including Danzig, and if a plebiscite had been taken of the whole undivided territory while the Treaty was being considered, it is held that the majority would certainly have been in favour of its continuance

with Prussia. At this point, however, we are brought into contact with President Wilson's Thirteen Points, which Germany declared her willingness unreservedly to accept. The thirteenth of these declares that "an independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations *and* which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea." The conjunction "and" is here most important. The demands are obviously co-ordinate and of precisely equal importance. Does anyone seriously believe that Sir Robert Donald's offer of harbour facilities in four, or even six, German ports is a "free and secure access to the sea?" Besides, the Polish Corridor is nothing new or unhistoric. Sir Robert imagines that it was a novel and ingenious device emanating from the fertile brain of Mr. Lloyd George. The historian would tell him there was a Polish Corridor long before Mr. Lloyd George came into being, and if the present Corridor, with Danzig, were handed over to Germany to-morrow, there would then be a German Corridor barring Poland from free and direct contact with the sea.

What, then, is the end to it all? Is the Polish Corridor destined to remain for ever like a running sore on the north-eastern quarter of Europe? At any rate this article will have made it plain that, if the Corridor thus continues to disturb European peace, the responsibility rests with those who are continually reiterating unwarranted demands. For it cannot be denied that books similar to that of Sir Robert's have had a considerable vogue both in this country and in Germany. In Germany they have encouraged the extreme Nationalist elements and led them to persevere in their ancient and arrogant claims. In our own country they have animated a select band of Radicals who through the Press and platform, have advocated the satisfaction of these extremer German claims, and whose policy, if it means anything at all, would ultimately imply a future alliance between Great Britain and Germany against France, and possibly all the rest of Europe except Hungary. There are not wanting evidences, however, in both Great Britain and Germany, that saner

elements are making their influence more strenuously felt. In Great Britain the Radical partisans have not succeeded in imposing their policy on the new Labour Government. In Germany the circles of the Left are beginning to have grave doubts about the whole outlook and position. This influence is, naturally, more evident in Danzig, which is now independent of Germany, than in the Fatherland itself. Sir Robert Donald, of course, takes no note of any of these things, but there has really been a remarkable progress of advanced and even Socialist thought in Danzig, and the first result of it has been that it is not now likely that any dispute between Poland and Danzig will come again before the League of Nations. The same pervasive currents of feeling are bound sooner or later to exert a similar good influence in the Reich. A Commercial Agreement, when it comes at last, between the two countries, will do much to encourage these tendencies. Then it will be plainly seen that Europe will never be convinced by the continual threat that, unless impossible demands are accepted, this Polish Corridor is going to stand for all time in the way of European peace and harmony. Having signed a treaty, Germany will realise that it is bad faith almost immediately to raise an insistent demand for its revision. Having forsworn her old military empire, the Germany which has performed this act of self-abnegation cannot then lament, through the agency of Sir Robert Donald, that her strategic lines of communication have been broken by the Polish Corridor.

The Natural History of China

By Arthur de C. Sowerby

THE natural history of China is a subject that has always appealed to that class of investigator who makes it his business to go in search of the rare and exotic in Dame Nature's store cupboard, for, ever and anon, this country yields some strange form of animal or plant life that puzzles even the scientist and sets the savant awondering. Many remarkable anomalies are offered in China's fauna and flora, while this country harbours not a few creatures that are unique, similar forms being found nowhere else in the world. As an outstanding example of the latter the giant panda or cat-bear (*Aeluropus melanoleucus*) of the highlands of North-western Szechuan and neighbouring Tibetan border states may be mentioned. This animal, which for long was classed with the true bears, is now given a family all to itself and its near relation, the little panda (*Aelurus fulgens*), by zoologists, who consider that it occupies a position between the bears and the raccoons in the systematic scheme of classification now generally accepted. Looking like a bear and approaching some of the smaller bears in size, the giant panda has no relatives outside China, Tibet and Nepal, the last place being included in the *habitat* of the little panda. This strange animal has the head and body white, with a black patch round each eye, black ears, a black band over the shoulders, and black legs and belly. Very little is known of its habits; nothing, in fact, except a few meagre details gathered from native hunters by the few foreign travellers who have visited the wild mountainous country where it is found. No foreign sportsman or naturalist has ever seen a living giant panda, and it is doubtful if one has ever seen even a dead one. Only skins and bones brought out by native hunters have so far been examined. As a matter of fact, one of the chief objects of the late Brigadier-General George Pereira's quest on his last fateful expedition into the wilds of the Tibetan borderland was a giant panda.

He never completed this quest, and the habits of this remarkable beast remain as much a mystery as ever.

Not so the little panda, a much smaller animal with a long tail and of a rich rufous colour above, black below and on the legs, with white round the eyes and white, tufted ears. Skins of this little creature are sold regularly on the China market, while living specimens have often been exhibited in zoological gardens in Europe and America. Its *habitat* is Western Szechuan, Yunnan and neighbouring Tibet and Nepal. Outside of this area it is not represented by even a distant relative.

Here, then, are two animals that help to make the natural history of China unique. Another that may be cited is the elaphure, or David's deer (*Elaphurus davidianus*), to which the Chinese have given the name *Ssu-pu-hsiang*, or "the four unlikes." They say it is like but unlike an ox, like but unlike a horse, like but unlike a deer, like but unlike a camel, all of which simply means that this deer is unlike any other deer in the world. Nowhere has the naturalist been able to find a deer that may be considered as related to it. Its horns branch differently from those of any other deer; its hair is different, as also are its feet and hoofs; but above all its tail is different, being long and hairy almost like that of a mule or a donkey. The adult male has a mane on the neck, and stands nearly four feet at the shoulder.

This strange cervine is now extinct in China; in fact from the time that Père Amand David, the famous Jesuit missionary-naturalist, discovered it when looking over the walls of the Emperor's hunting park at Nan Haitzu, south of Peking, in 1865, it has only been known in captivity. No wild specimens have ever been found by foreign naturalists or collectors, and nothing so far discovered in Chinese writings gives a clue as to where this deer originally came from or what part of China it originally inhabited in a wild state. When the allied troops broke into the Nan Haitzu in 1900, they discovered the remnant of the Emperor's herd, a few being taken alive. These ultimately found their way to England, where they were purchased for the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn Park, and there, for all the writer

knows to the contrary, the only living specimens in the world to-day of what may be considered the most remarkable present-day species of deer are to be found. A relic, dating back to the Shang Dynasty (1200 B.C.), in the form of a pick made from the horn of an elaphure, and found by the Reverend D. Menzies some years ago in a pit, along with other animal remains, in the " Waste of Yin " in Honan, indicates that at that remote date of China's early history this deer existed in a wild state, and, to judge from the creature's long splayed hoofs, it may be assumed that it was an inhabitant of the reedy swamps that must have covered the greater part of the plains of Honan, Chihli and Shantung before these areas were settled up by the Chinese and had come under the plough. The complete settling up of this part of China by farmers, and the reclamation of all swamps, would easily account for the disappearance of the elaphure in a wild state.

One of the most peculiar animals found in China to-day is the takin. This is a large goat-like animal, the size of an ox, that is found only in the highest mountain ranges of the west. There are three species: the Buhtan takin of Buhtan and the Assam border, the Chinese takin of Szechuan, and the golden takin of the Taipeishan region of Southern Shensi. There is nothing like them anywhere else in the world. With great heavy bodies, thick clumsy legs and large unshapely hoofs, no one would suspect them of being able to climb about cliffs and rocky ridges with the agility of a mountain goat. Yet this is just what they do, feeding the while on the feathery tops of dwarf bamboos, and lying up when tired in the thick rhododendron jungles that clothe the mountain side. Their range is high up in the loftiest mountains, and seldom do they descend to a level below eight thousand feet. There, in this Alpine world, they live amongst the crags and boulders, undisturbed except by an occasional hunter, sharing the solitudes of their surroundings with the lovely blood-pheasant, the crimson tragopan, and the lively little mouse-hare or pika. Very few European sportsmen can claim to have hunted the takin, and rare indeed are their heads amongst the trophies of our Nimrods or their skins in our big museums.

Not only are there these unique animals in China, but this country's natural history is remarkable in that it includes certain very large groups of animals and plants, which, though they can hardly be said to be peculiar to this region, may well be said to have their headquarters here. An example of this is the great pheasant family. Though there are pheasants of some sort or another in practically every part of the Old World except Africa, in no region are there so many different species as in China and closely adjacent countries. Here the pheasants have attained their highest development, and we have such magnificent species as Reeve's pheasant, the golden pheasant, Lady Amherst's pheasant, the silver pheasant, the blood pheasants, the pucras pheasants, the tragopans, the eared pheasants, Elliot's pheasant, Reinhard's argus pheasant, the fire-backed pheasants, the monal pheasant, Swinhoe's pheasant, the peacock pheasant, the pheasant grouse and the numerous varieties of the common ring-neck. All of them are characterized by their gorgeous colours and wonderful plumage.

Amongst fishes, the carp family is particularly well-represented in China, this country being the home of a great many different species, many of which are remarkable for their peculiar shapes. This is not referring to the innumerable varieties of the goldfish as bred by the Chinese, but to the wild species, few of which have popular English names. Amongst them are some of the most extraordinarily shaped fish in the Old World. They range in size from the gigantic *huang chuan* or *gan yu*, which runs in weight up to 150 lbs., down to the tiny mosquitoe fish, not much more than an inch in length, and every river, canal, creek, pond, lake or swamp has its quota.

This kind of thing is not confined to the animal world. It occurs in the vegetable kingdom as well: China being the headquarters, as it were, of such plants as the rhododendrons, azaleas and primulas. The region also contains some strange fruits, as, for example, the lichis, lungans, persimmons, and jujubas. China is the home of the remarkable maidenhair fern tree or *Ginkgo*, of the tree peony, the blue poppy and many another floral rarity or wonder that has been introduced into the gardens and parks of the West.

Turning from these unique groups and forms of China's animal and plant life, we may consider for a moment some interesting problems relating to the distribution of certain groups or genera found in this country. It has been discovered that a remarkable relationship exists between the fauna of China and of the eastern (not western, be it noted) part of North America. There is in China a true alligator, a small species inhabiting certain swampy regions between the Lower Yangtze and the Chientang River. It is known to science as *Alligator sinensis*, reaches a maximum length of about six feet, and is occasionally taken in the Whangpoo at Shanghai, whither, it is presumed, it has been carried by floods. The remarkable thing is that this is the only alligator found in the Old World. Nowhere else in the world do alligators exist except in the waters of the Mississippi and the rivers and swamps of Florida. The rest of the tropical and semi-tropical Old World is occupied only by crocodiles, while the rivers of Central and South America also harbour what are known as caimens—creatures like alligators but differing in certain characters sufficiently to place them in a separate genus.

Another group of animals having a similar distribution is formed by the giant salamanders and their close relation, the hellbender. The giant salamanders occur in Japan and Central, East and South China, and nowhere else in the world. The hellbender, which resembles them so closely as to be indistinguishable to the layman, is found only in the rivers of the Eastern United States and the Mississippi.

Yet another instance of this remarkable distribution is found in the spoonbill sturgeon of the Mississippi and its only near relative, the swordbill sturgeon of the Yangtze—two fish so much alike as almost to be classed in the same genus. The spoonbill sturgeon, as the name suggests, has a long protrusion of the snout, spatulate in shape, while in the swordbill sturgeon this organ resembles the blade of a sword.

In the Tungting Lake of Central China is found a remarkable cetacean known as the white-flag dolphin (*Lipotes vexillifer*, Müller). Its nearest relation, a dolphin known to science as *Inia geoffrensis*, is found in the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers in South America.

Along the coasts of Japan, South-eastern and Southern China, the Moluccas, Straits Settlements and Java occur three species of the kingcrab, *Xyphosura* or *Limulus*. These are peculiar-looking animals, with horseshoe-shaped carapaces, long spear-like tails, and numerous pincer-legs. They inhabit coastal waters, where they plough through the mud or fine sand in search of food in the form of marine molluscs, small crustaceans and animal debris of any kind. The remarkable thing about this genus of marine animals, whose nearest living relations are the land scorpions, and which are present-day survivals of the eurypterids of the Silurian, Devonian and Permian periods of the earth's history, is that outside of the areas mentioned above, the only region where it is met with is along the East coast of North America.

In Manchuria and Japan a genus of fresh-water crayfishes, called *Cambaroides*, is found. Their nearest relations in the crustacean world are a genus of crayfishes (*Cambarus*) found in the rivers of North America to the east (not west) of the Rocky Mountains. The crayfishes found to the west of the Rocky Mountains divide belong to the same genus as those found in Europe and Siberia.

Finally, we have the case of a genus of grasshoppers, or katydids, bearing the name *Atlanticus*. The only two areas of the earth's surface where members of this genus are found are Eastern China, from the Ussuri Region southward to Fukien Province, and the Eastern United States and neighbouring Canada.

Here, then, is an extraordinary state of affairs, and one that will need a lot of explaining. How comes it, we may well ask, that these groups of animals are found only in these two areas—roughly, that part of Eastern Asia occupied by China and closely adjacent countries, and that part of America lying to the east of the great mountain divide that runs like a backbone down the two continents? The only theory that can be offered is that at some remote date in the earth's history these two areas were connected by land, and that subsequently all intervening land and land in other parts of the world where the above-mentioned creatures once lived subsided into the sea, later to rise again bringing with it their remains in fossil form. Whether this can be substantiated

by the researches of the palæontologist, or man who deals with fossils, remains to be seen.

By some it may be offered as an explanation that here we have a case of parallel development, that, owing to similar conditions existing in two distinct parts of the world, two closely similar or parallel faunal developments have arisen. But this theory will not meet the case, for the simple reason that the species in the two areas are too closely similar to be parallel developments; they are actually related, and very closely related at that, so close, in fact, that in several cases they fall into a common genus.

As an example of parallel development, we may take the penguin in the Antarctic and the great Auk (now, alas, extinct) in the Arctic. Here we have two birds belonging to different families, yet, because of closely similar environments, developing along very similar lines. But though showing an outward similarity designed to meet similar conditions, structurally the two are very different, and this is what the naturalist goes by in tracing their relationships.

Another interesting aspect of China's natural history lies in the fact that China is the meeting-ground of a number of different faunal regions, or perhaps it would be better to say that the boundaries of China overlap the boundaries of a number of such regions. For instance, in the northern provinces, Chihli, Shansi, Shensi and Kansu, we often find animals that might be described as typically Mongolian. The gazelles, the gerbils or sand-rats, the jerboas or kangaroo-rats, the pintailed sand-grouse and the Mongolian lark—these extend well into Chinese territory, along with extensions of the desert terrain of the Gobi and Ordos.

In other parts of North-China we find a fauna that is closely related to that of Siberia and Europe, while in South and South-eastern China we meet with a typically Indian fauna. In Fukien, for instance, we encounter Kipling's Rikki-tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, and his friends and enemies, Darzee, the tayler-bird, Chuchundra, the musk-rat, Nag and Nagaina, the cobras and Karait, the venomous krait. True, Hathi, the elephant, is not there, although he is to be found further south in

Indo-China, but there is every reason to believe that a sambur exists in this province, while the bandar-log, or monkey-people, Kaa, the python, Ikki, the porcupine, the dhole, or red-dog, the wolf, Shere Khan, the tiger, Bagheera, the panther, and the water-buffaloes are certainly very much in evidence. No one who is familiar with Kipling's jungle stories can resist the charm and delight of meeting with his animal characters in this fairyland of China.

In this connection a point of extreme interest may be mentioned with regard to Fukien Province and the neighbouring island of Formosa. It has been found that the faunas of these two areas are closely related to that of the Himalayas, strongly suggesting that at one time the mountains of Fukien and Formosa actually formed a part of some mighty range of which the Himalayas formed another part. This is more than probable, especially as we find more or less isolated areas containing similar forms occupying the intervening country. While considering these ancient land connections, we must not overlook the fact that in a similar way China and South Africa were once connected. The smallest of all Chinese snakes, the little blindsnake, known to science as *Typhlops braminus*, a tiny serpent not more than three or four inches in length, with a diameter of a little over an eighth of an inch, which spends its life mainly underground, being an expert burrower, ranges from South-eastern China all the way to South Africa and even to Madagascar. This must be an extremely old connection, for geologists have it that Madagascar separated from the mainland of Africa at a very remote geological period in the earth's history. But it proves beyond dispute that prior to that remote period there must have been land connection between that island and Africa, and that continuous land connection has also existed at some period in the meantime between South Africa, the Malay Archipelago, the Philippine Islands, India and China, as well, be it noted, as the Island of Guam, where, too, our little friend is found.

The little blind snake is not the only creature that helps to prove these ancient land connections. There is another, and a much more modern animal, that has a

somewhat similar distribution, and this is the pangolin or scaled anteater, whose range is from Southern Kiangsu Province and Central China to South Africa, although, unlike the blind snake, it is not of the same species in each country. Here evolution, which seems to have passed little *Typhlops* by, has been busy, and each separate area has its own form of pangolin. This is an animal that looks as if it had stepped out of the pages of the past into the present, a warm-blooded animal, one that suckles its young, yet its body, instead of being covered with hair or fur, is protected by a regular armature of great scales, reminding one of some prehistoric monster. While on this phase of our subject, it might be well to note that fossil remains, in the form of teeth and fragments of the jaw-bone, of a form of little panda, several sizes larger than the Chinese form, have been found in the Red Crag formations of the Suffolk coast in England. This proves that in what geologists call pliocene times the pandas had a much wider distribution in the world than they have to-day, extending, as they did, all the way to the British Isles.

This brings us to a phase of China's natural history that to some may be the most interesting of all, namely, the animals and plants of the past, now only known by their remains in the form of fossils. Vast as is the subject of China's living animals and plants, that of her past fauna and flora is infinitely greater, for into it are crammed the relics of millions of years. Certain geological strata are full of marine forms, indicating periods when China lay under the sea. Others contain terrestrial forms in abundance, ranging from the lowliest insects up to mighty animals like the rhinoceros, the mastodon and the elephant. The petrified eggs of a giant ostrich called *Struthiolythis* are not infrequently found in the Yellow River basin, while the three-toed horse, or Hipparion, once roamed this country. It is now a matter of common knowledge what reptilian monsters, the largest the world ever knew, once inhabited the area now occupied by the waterless Gobi Desert. Many strange plants have been found embedded in the rocks of China, while the coal-measures of the country indicate a period of great primordial forests and jungle swamps.

And now, as a grand finale to the great drama of life as it has unfolded on this part of the earth's surface, we have the discovery of human teeth in a cave near Peking that date back to the remotest antiquity, indicating that man himself arrived on the scene at a very early period, and even suggesting that perhaps, after all, it was here that the human race was cradled.

So we view China's natural history as a never-ending source of wonder and delight. After twenty years of study and work upon this great subject, the writer realizes that he has only turned the first few pages of a book, the like of which no author has ever produced, a book whose lines and pictures run on endlessly, whose chapters are epics, and the complete mastery of which is beyond the power of a single mortal mind, yet a book that is being written surely and certainly as each investigator pens his little piece and passes on to his appointed place in time.

A Famous Skull

By "Middle Templar"

VISITORS who peep inside the door of the noble library of the Middle Temple rarely fail to notice just inside on the right a cabinet of antique pattern. It bears on its left door the arms of the Inn and on the right those of George Loch, Q.C., Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales in 1873 and Treasurer of the Middle Temple in 1874.

This cabinet was made out of the wood of an ancient catalpa tree which stood in that part of the Temple garden cleared during Loch's treasurership for the erection of the chambers now known as "Temple Gardens" on either side at the bottom of Middle Temple Lane. There is some divergence of opinion as to the age of the old tree, and different writers have become rather confused about it. One describes it as "a very old *oak* (sic) tree with its limbs propped up by iron bars," and goes on to narrate how, a considerable portion of it having been found to be sufficiently sound, the Benchers of the Middle Temple ordered a cabinet to be made of the "brave old *oak*," which interesting object could be seen in the passage leading from the Hall to the Parliament Chamber of the Inn. The last few lines are true; the cabinet, however, was removed subsequently to the library, where it now stands. But the wood is that of the catalpa and it is generally agreed that the tree itself was planted by the great Sir Matthew Hale in the reign of James I. The gardens of Gray's Inn contain several very ancient specimens of this tree, one of which is said to have been planted by Bacon and was probably brought home by Raleigh, who met and conversed with Bacon in Gray's Inn gardens. This is certainly more probable than the statement in a pamphlet issued in 1879 for the guidance of visitors that the tree was planted by Sir Matthew Hale and that it was a favourite trysting-place of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The *Times* of March 21, 1878, gives this trysting-place story and it may be from that source that the pamphleteer of the following year derived his information.

So much for the history of the cabinet. But what of

its contents? Who would believe that it contains a *skull?* The shock one felt on first being allowed to look inside can only be comparable to that of the Prince of Morocco when he opened the golden casket in the presence of Portia. It contains the reputed skull of Geoffrey de Magnaville or Mandeville, first Earl of Essex, of the Order of the Knights Templars, whose ring-mailclad effigy may be seen in the Temple Church. It is said that this monument of Sussex marble is the first example of arms upon a sepulchral figure in England.* It is also believed to be the only example of a monumental effigy with the tall cylindrical flat-topped helmet over the hood of mail. Henry II is represented on his great seal† as wearing a similar helmet.

How came the skull into the keeping of the Middle Temple Librarian, and what of the man whose tempestuous life was inspired and directed from the brain once housed behind these grim eye-sockets? He was one of those bold barons of whom we learnt in the early history lessons of childhood that they laid waste the fair lands of England during Stephen's turbulent reign. Grandson of Sir Geoffrey de Magnaville to whom, in recognition of his valour at Hastings, the Conqueror gave numerous lordships, and son of Sir William de Magnaville and Margaret, daughter and heiress of Eudo Dapifer, Henry I's great favourite, Geoffrey inherited from his parents immense estates both in England and in Normandy. So, at the time when Stephen came to the throne, he was one of the wealthiest and most powerful young noblemen in England. Stephen created him Earl of Essex and made him Constable of the Tower. He was one of Stephen's principal generals and served his royal master faithfully during the fierce conflict between the King and the Empress Matilda until the fatal day of Lincoln when Stephen was defeated and taken prisoner. Then, with a majority of the barons, he gave his allegiance to Matilda, who rewarded him by making him hereditary sheriff of Middlesex, Hertford, and London, and by lavish grants of estates. When Stephen's fortune turned and Matilda took to flight, something in the nature of a

* Richardson, "Monumental Effigies of the Temple Church."
† Gough, "Sepulchral Monuments."

reconciliation took place between him and this powerful nobleman: but very soon Geoffrey was arrested and imprisoned. To secure release he gave up the post of hereditary Constable of the Tower and had to surrender several of his castles: but on regaining his liberty he raised the standard of rebellion, summoned his retainers and vassals, sacked the town of Cambridge, and laid waste the royal demesnes with a powerful army which grew with every success. Several royal castles were stormed, and his army plundered the countryside until at length Stephen himself at the head of an even more powerful army drove him into the fens. Ultimately he laid siege to Burwell, a royal castle, and was mortally wounded by an arrow which struck him in the head. (The condition of the skull is not inconsistent with this record.)

But it is his dealings with the Church that make the career of the anarchic Earl most memorable. He had founded in 1136 the noble Abbey of Walden in Essex, said to have been consecrated by the Bishops of Norwich, Ely, and London with great ceremonial: and to the monks of Walden we are indebted for many of the records of his life and death. It would seem that the arrest referred to above took place at St. Alban's Abbey in 1143, in circumstances that are alleged to reflect little credit upon Stephen, though probably this was the only course open to the King if he was to save his crown from the treacherous schemes in which the Earl was prime mover. The incident took place when the King was holding court at St. Alban's: and the chronicler of Walden Abbey* narrates how a dispute arose between the Earl and some of his opponents, wherein Stephen intervened. The Earl was then charged to his face with treason—whereat he laughed with cynical scorn. The King in anger ordered his arrest—whereupon a struggle ensued, and Stephen was guilty of a flagrant violation of the right of sanctuary in ordering and permitting the arrest. He had sworn shortly before, at a council in London where previous

* The accuracy of some of the details set out in the Walden Abbey chronicles was vigorously challenged by J. H. Round in his learned and exhaustive study of the Anarchy—a Life of Geoffrey de Mandeville and his times.

violations had been complained of, that he would not repeat the offence against Holy Church. At St. Alban's the Abbot's knights resisted and endeavoured to rescue the arrested Earl.

When, later, in rebellion, he was driven into the fenland country by the superior forces Stephen led against him, de Mandeville seems himself to have forgotten his churchmanship and in the stress of circumstances to have made no distinction of persons or places. According to Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, he sent out spies from his base at Fordham in Cambridgeshire who, begging from door to door, discovered where rich men could be found who could be plundered and kidnapped for ransom. In this freebooting way he kept his forces together, and with the help of the Earl of Norfolk, who became his ally, he was able not merely to hold out but to turn the tide of war in his own favour. Nigel, Bishop of Ely, whose rebellion against the King de Mandeville himself had been sent to put down on a previous occasion, was away at Rome appealing to the Pope. His forces, hard pressed by those of Stephen, were now glad to join up with the followers of the rebel Earl, and the Isle of Ely came into his possession with its fortress, Aldreth Castle.

From this vantage-ground he advanced further. Reaching Ramsey by water, he burst into the Abbey of St. Benedict there, one bleak December morning, drove the monks from their cells, stabled his horses in the cloisters and fortified the church. He seized the gold and silver vessels of the altar, and the vestments of the priests ornamented with precious stones, and sold them to pay his soldiers. The abbey manors he gave to his followers and sent them out to ravage the countryside. William, monk of Newburgh, a chronicler of the time, describes his conduct thus :—

" He dared to make that celebrated and holy place a robbers' cave and to turn the sanctuary of the Lord into an abode of the Devil. He invested all the neighbouring provinces with frequent incursions, and at length, emboldened by constant success, he alarmed and harassed King Stephen himself by his daring attack. He thus indeed raged madly, and it seemed as if the Lord slept and cared no longer for human affairs. . . . But God, willing to make his power known, as the apostle saith, endured with much long suffering the vessels of

wrath fitted to destruction and at last smote His enemies in their hinder parts. It was discovered, indeed, a short time before the destruction of this impious man, as we have learned from the true relation of many witnesses, that the walls of the Church sweated pure blood—a terrible manifestation, as it afterwards appeared, of the enormity of the crime and of the speedy judgment of God upon the sinner."*

It is not surprising to learn that this meant excommunication for the Earl. He defied the spiritual thunders, however, and continued his campaign of plunder. Stephen, tired of chasing his elusive adversary, who could never be brought to action in the open field, adopted the plan (followed eight centuries later by Kitchener in South Africa) of building block-houses or forts to hem in the rebels. But it seems to have been without avail. Geoffrey hardened his heart and continued his depredations until at length Stephen's soldiery established themselves at the royal castle of Burwell—menacing the line of communications to Fordham. Geoffrey was forced to attack the castle. Storming the fortress at the head of his men, he had reached the foot of the rampart, and as he stood to reconnoitre for the final attack, it being summer-time and the weather hot, he removed his head-piece and loosened his coat of mail that he might breathe freely. One of the defenders saw his chance: an arrow shot from a loophole in the castle wall and wounded him on the head: "which wound," says William of Newburgh, "after a few days destroyed him, so that that most ferocious man, never having been absolved from the bond of the ecclesiastical curse, went to Hell."

But the monks of Walden tell another story. They record that as the Earl lay wounded upon his bed, with death coming upon him, he repented of his evil deeds and sought the offices of the Church—at first in vain. But at length some Knights Templars came and, finding him duly penitent and desirous of making amends for past offences, they put on him the habit of their order, marked with the red cross. After his death they conveyed his body to the Temple: but as he had died

* "De vita scelerata et condigno interitu Ganfridi de Magnavilla"—Guill. Neubr.—cited by Addison in his "History of the Knights Templars," 1842.

excommunicate and could not be buried in consecrated ground, his body, encased in a leaden coffin, was hidden in the trunk of a tree in the garden. Twenty years later William of Walden, whom the Earl had made Prior, obtained from Pope Alexander absolution for his dead patron and went to London to claim the remains for Christian burial: but the Templars, apprised of his coming, and resolved not to part with the body of a member of their Order, buried it in the Temple graveyard in the year 1165. When the Temple Church was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the body was finally buried in the portico before the western door.

For the rest—since the exact position of the resting-place of the warrior has never with certainty been agreed—we have to rely upon conjecture. During the restoration of the church, about 1840, in the course of excavations beneath the pavement of the portico there was found quite near the surface a broken sarcophagus of Purbeck marble containing a skull and some bones of great antiquity. The sarcophagus contained no mark or inscription but had once borne a monumental effigy. The only available historical records of a burial at that spot are those of the monks of Walden Abbey. The effigy, which doubtless rested once upon this sarcophagus, and is not traceable to any other, is undoubtedly that of Geoffrey de Mandeville. It lies among the noble group within the Round of the Church to-day.

Fundamentalism and the Modern Mind:

The Faith of a Sailor

By Commander B. Acworth, D.S.O., R.N.

To confess oneself a "fundamentalist" in these days of 'progressive' modern thought is to confess oneself an intellectual outcast, a credulous fool if not actually a "mental deficient," and thus, presumably, a piece of human trash ripe for the experiments of those gentle ladies and Christian gentlemen, including bishops and deans, whose hands are itching to handle the knife in the 'biological' interests of posterity and of an enlightened generation. Yet in spite of the contempt that this hideous word, imported like other objectionable terms from America, excites in the persons gifted with "the Modern Mind," the writer is in no way ashamed to acknowledge himself of the company of those fundamentally and mentally deficient idiots whose beliefs remain singularly unshaken by the jargon that now passes for philosophy in the mouths of psychologists and 'scientists' and for Christianity in the pulpits of some of our spiritual shepherds.

In his recent book, "Survivals and New Arrivals," Mr. Belloc has dealt with "the Modern Mind" as it deserves. Indeed, his book is like the respirator of a gas-mask to those imprisoned in a poison gas-chamber. In the presence of what Mr. Belloc justly names "that thing"—modern thought—the differences of a traditional Protestant Catholic and a Roman Catholic (if Mr. Belloc can pardon the adjective Roman) sink into relative unimportance. And yet, twittering like a sparrow in the presence of an eagle, the writer feels bound to join issue, mildly and in the most friendly manner, when Mr. Belloc dismisses as "survivals" those whom he dubs "bibliolaters." In doing so he is, of course, treating the Evangelical doctrine of the Church of England, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, as a spent force, for, unless the writer is very much mistaken, fundamental "bibliolatry" is the bedrock of the reformed, or 'perverted,' Catholic Church. Mr. Belloc, with justice,

accuses those whom he calls "enemies of the Faith" of ignorance of what the Roman Catholic interpretation of the Faith in reality is, an ignorance possibly, though not certainly, shared by the writer. He is, however, no enemy to Mr. Belloc's Faith which, in these dark days, seems to be the sole champion and upholder of Christianity, if not of decency and honour themselves.

Is it not possible, however, that Mr. Belloc, in his turn, is a little in the dark as to the attitude of those whom he good-humouredly styles bibliolaters, and whom "the Modern Mind" dubs fundamentalists? In his hearty, though unembittered, contempt for traditional Protestantism he finds his only point of contact, but that a close one, between himself and "that thing" he so powerfully castigates. Is it not in this point of intimate contact that we can trace the reason for the growing frequency of conversion to the Roman Catholic Communion among those who are sick unto death of floundering in the religious bog so industriously '*evolved*' by our Modernist and Anglo-Catholic Bishops and Clergy, between whom, as between the dictatorships of Russia and Italy, there is a close resemblance not to be disguised from the discerning mind by the uniforms they wear?

In days when the Evangelical members of the Church of England seem to have forgotten that their ship, though still sound in her timbers, should carry guns and ammunition, it may not be out of place if a humble member of her crew, her cabin boy, states very simply what he believes to be still the nature of that ocean of Faith upon which the Evangelical barque rides, if, at the moment, fearfully and uncertainly.

What is that "fundamentalism" which lies at the root of his faith, and without which his religion, and indeed all religion, is evanescent, containing as it must, without *some* fundamentalism, the seeds of its own disruption? In a sentence, he believes—indeed, as a reasoning and reasonable man he knows—that truth is static and not evolutionary. His reason staggers at the popular cry that Christianity must *evolve* and keep in step with present "needs," wishes, and those fantastic speculations which today are confounded with scientific truth. He recoils from the popular demand that Christianity must "march with the times" if it is to recapture

a world openly in revolt against the discipline of the Decalogue of the Old Testament, fulfilled and restated in terms of love, *once and for all*, by our Lord and Master, Who is still connected, if vaguely, with the Authorship of our Faith, but Whose words and teachings are now considered as inadequate for "educated" and "thinking" men and women. But then, were we not told recently in Portsmouth Cathedral that Our Lord was, after all, an ignorant and uneducated working man? Was not His perfection as a Man and a God disputed in the pulpit by a Modernist preacher, and by an Anglo-Catholic priest at a children's service in Portsmouth? Have not Modernists and Anglo-Catholics alike accepted the theory of evolution and thus, of necessity, joined issue with Our Lord, because 'evolution' and perfection, and indeed immortality, are mutually destructive conceptions? Has not the Bishop of Birmingham allowed his doubts as to whether there is, indeed, a God at all to find expression in a cathedral full of *children*? Has he not taught children that God is the God of evil as well as good, a form of teaching indistinguishable from pagan Demonology? Has he not recommended children to professors of biology if they wish to walk in the light as children of the light?

Mr. Belloc, and Roman Catholics generally, will certainly share the writer's extreme disquiet that the children of England should thus be instructed, but has Mr. Belloc himself escaped unscathed from the putrefying influence of Darwinism, that 'host' upon which the parasites of modern thought—eugenics, synthetic birth control, sterilization, and 'biological' doctrines generally—live and thrive, and by which, mercifully they must perish. Like the Modernists, he seems to be convinced that "bibliolaters" accept every incident in the Old Testament and the New as a literally accurate account of events which occurred exactly as related. Like his arch-enemy, "Modern Thought," he seems to consider that old-fashioned Protestantism rests upon the literal acceptation, shall we say? of the whale's exploit with Jonah, and that the Reformed Church of England of the Book of Common Prayer would have been unmoved in its conviction of the truth of the incident had the mutual relationships, or *reactions*, to use the common jargon, of the fish and the man been reversed. The extraordinary

belief that "fundamentalism" is based upon fantastic superstition seems to be common to Mr. Belloc and to his unfortunate victim, the Bishop of Birmingham. Yet both these ecclesiastical warriors are "fundamentalists" to a degree that startles such a fundamentalist as the writer.

Mr. Belloc does not question for a moment the fundamental and literal truth of transubstantiation, papal and priestly infallibility, or the doctrine of the keys, which have been derived from a devastatingly literal *acceptation* of certain words which the Church of England has *interpreted* otherwise.

Dr. Barnes, on the other hand, never for a moment questions the infallibility of Mr. Darwin or the fundamental truth of his Beastly origin as revealed to him in the Revelation of St. Darwin the Divine, an origin on which he delights to enlarge and dwell in his inspiring pulpit utterances.

Both Mr. Belloc and Dr. Barnes accept the hall-marks of their respective interpretations of the Faith as being literal and fundamental facts, and with their feet well wedged into their fundamental bogs they proceed, each in their own way, to scorn and belabour those whose feet are floundering in no bog at all, planted instead upon the rock of the perfectly clear and simple Biblical *Doctrine* of man's origin and destiny, of his relationship to God, of the Nature of God, and of our whole duty to Him, and through Him to our neighbour. It is a sign of the chaos of modern thought, and in harmony with its essential vulgarity, that "Affirmations of Faith" are becoming as common and as popular as are the roundabouts at a fair on an August bank holiday. Many of these "affirmations" are not unlike those wall-eyed horses on which simple souls rise and fall for one hectic day of hard-earned and feverish diversion. The ride is over: the fair packs up: the roundabout is deserted. The simple soul goes off to his or her daily round of drudgery, and perhaps to sorrow and bereavement, until another holiday dawns when a *different* horse on the *same* roundabout will once again be mounted and feverishly ridden to death for the day. Since, however, "affirmations" are now the vogue, the writer may perhaps be permitted to make his own, and he will hope that some poor roundabout rider will

recognize and like the appearance of this old-fashioned horse and, recognizing it, return to it as his permanent steed on the blaring merry-go-round.

As Mr. Belloc and Dr. Barnes, F.R.S., rightly surmise, the Church of England Protestant Catholic rests his entire faith on the Bible. He recognizes its doctrine as the only conceivable rock upon which to lean, a rock common to all shades of the truly Christian Faith, including Mr. Belloc's, for the distinction between the Christian Churches is not one of Faith, but of organization, governance, and emphasis, which are mainly temperamental questions and a sign of virility rather than feebleness. Mr. Belloc's splendid championship of diversity and individualism, based upon common beliefs and convictions, finds in England its supreme manifestation. Dr. Barnes and "the Modern Mind" are correct in assuming that we believe that God *created* the Heaven and the earth, and that it neither "evolved" itself, nor was "emergently evolved" by the Jehovah of the Old Testament whom Christ revealed to us as One and the Same as the God of Love of the New Testament, and not, as Dr. Barnes preached to children, the God of Evil as well as Good. We believe that of all the extraordinary bees that have ever buzzed in the human bonnet, the bee, or rather hornet, in Darwin's was the most ridiculous. This disrespect, or should we say? blasphemy, towards the famous naturalist, is not based upon religious grounds at all. It rests upon that *reason* which assures us that no higher *order* was ever generated by a lower—upon that *experience* which demonstrates to us that man, as a potentially finite god, is daily performing his little acts of *creation*, whether in music, poetry, painting, or machinery, out of nothing but immaterial thought, for the creation is as real, and indeed more perfect, when unclothed with sound, words, paint, or matter—upon that *knowledge* which has now revealed biological professors as an army of speculators propounding as scientific facts incompatible and often silly ideas with a zeal, confidence and solemnity that is as amusing as it is enlightening of the easy gullibility of "the Modern Mind."

Unless the writer is very much mistaken, the attitude of the normal Englishman of the Church of England, or the Free Churches, towards the Bible is, very briefly, as

follows. He regards the Bible as the inspired and revealed Word of God, the spiritual doctrine of which is so simple and plain as to require no interpretation beyond the capacity of the most simple and unlettered person who studies it with reverent steadfastness. The standard of conduct and morals that it enjoins is categorical and final, in fact, fundamental, and the Faith by which such conduct is to be pursued, and, if steadfastly pursued, achieved, is never for a moment in doubt.

On the question of the seemingly impossible stories of physical happenings with which the Old and the New Testaments are alike punctuated, men of all ages have held different views, but the interpretations we variously put upon these "miracles"—that is to say, whether they are to be accepted as literal, founded upon fact, or purely as folklore or allegorical—can have no conceivable bearing on the spiritual guidance that the consistent and essentially rational theology of the Bible has for each one of us, a reasonableness that is invariably confirmed by experience when we tread the laborious path along which the Biblical teaching points us. By the more learned each physical marvel will be considered on its merits, and no attempt will be made to argue that all the reputed "miracles" stand or fall together. The writer, for his part, has no shadow of a doubt that the opening chapter of the Book of Genesis does, in fact, represent the truth of the definite creation and design of the earth by a Personal, Omniscient, and Omnipotent Creator—an Artist—the fall of man, surely never more in evidence than at the present time, being allegorically, and with infinite beauty and restraint, revealed in the story of Adam and Eve. The Order of Creation as set forth in Genesis is in accordance with truly scientific conceptions of what such an order must have been, the length of "the days" being a matter of the most supreme unimportance and, so far as the writer can judge, a matter of liberal interpretation among scholars of all ages and races, though "the days" must have been but moments in Eternity, and may well have been instants of time.

On the historical side, and leaving aside the prehistorical, which can hardly be expected to be historical or capable of exposition by means other than those of Divine Revelation, the Old Testament, like the New,

is sound, providing indeed the bed-rock from which modern archæological expeditions start, expeditions which confirm and do not throw doubt upon the authenticity of the Bible narrative.

On the vexed question of "miracles" Mr. Belloc and the writer, and, indeed, the Bishop of Birmingham, are all fundamentalists with, however, this important distinction. Mr. Belloc believes, seemingly, that miracles are fundamental facts brought about by God's *interference* with those physical laws which He Himself *made* and with which, on infinitely rare occasions, both now and in the past, He tampers, if one may reverently say so. The writer believes, on the other other hand, that the physical laws which govern, give rise to, and *circumscribe* physical phenomena are as changeless as the Nature of God Himself, being, indeed, attributes of God—His very garments. Thus, though He manifestly *could* do so, He can only change his laws by changing His Nature, for physical laws are one aspect of Truth. This, it will be seen, leaves the conception of the Omnipotence of God unaffected, for He manifestly could change His nature, as we change ours, if He so willed, because free will is the very essence of Divinity, and consequently anathema to modern biologists, who regard man as an "evolving" animal—a man who is never *quite* a man—and who shares with the beasts a feeble glimmer of free will, if, indeed, our voluntary actions are anything more than an anæmic 'behaviourism.'

In the Divine attribute of Free Will lies, clearly, the phenomenon of evil in a moral world. Deprive man of his free will, and thus of his partial Divinity, and evil ceases to be evil, and good good. With this view of natural law as a natural attribute of Omnipotence, a "miracle" ceases to be a miracle in the sense in which Mr. Belloc or the Bishop of Birmingham seem to interpret the word. All men will admit that the universe must contain in its secret hiding places thousands of laws of which we still know nothing. We know, as a fact, that the discovery of a law, new to us, though as old as Eternity itself, enables a man by the operation of his will, mind, creative spirit—call it what we will—to conjure into existence a new machine or to give being to the Moonlight Sonata; to perform, in fact, a definite act of creation. Thus, if a discoverer of a law, new in

his day, kept his own counsel, created a new and marvellous instrument, let us say a hidden wireless transmitting and receiving set, gave one brief demonstration of speech between England and America with a few astounded witnesses, and then, without a word of explanation destroyed his handiwork and retired to his grave in silence, what sort of account of the extraordinary phenomenon should we expect to read in a thousand years' time? Would it not legitimately be described as a miracle and as such disbelieved by those who think they believe nothing of what their senses do not give evidence? The word "think" is used advisedly, for men and women live, in reality, by faith or *superstition*, and we all accept daily as truth countless matters of which we have no evidence except the evidence of assertion or *experience*. Thus it is on faith, chiefly, that we joyfully accept the fatherhood of our children, a faith in that Frail Goodness whose name is Woman seldom, even to-day, misplaced and thus degraded to that false and groundless faith which we call superstition. Is there not One in Whom we all, sceptic and *professing* Christian alike, can repose a Faith that never has been, and never will be, betrayed?

It is reflection such as this which leaves a fundamentalist in contented uncertainty as to the strict accuracy of some reported miracles, and in a state of certainty, based upon Faith, of the strict accuracy of others, such Faith, for the reasons given, being in no instance *at war* with Reason, though from the nature of things it cannot be *supported* by that reason which is derived by deduction from physically verifiable premises rooted in *known* physical laws. He does not believe in exact *verbal* inspiration, of which the slightly varying versions of the Resurrection, for example, are sufficient disproof. He recognizes that words are the finite vehicle of thought and inspiration. We all know, only too well, how seldom we succeed in conveying the exact reflection of those thoughts which move us, though our general meaning will be clear to those who wish to make our thoughts their own.

Such, at least, is the attitude of one Evangelical, an attitude which leaves his mind singularly unaffected by the reputed exploit of the sea monster and the prophet —an exploit which leads us quite naturally to the funda-

mental gullibility of "the Modern Mind." As a boy, it must be admitted, the writer was disposed to regard the Jonah episode, and some others, as legendary or allegorical, though containing sound spiritual instruction; but in these latter days he is disposed to treat the incident to greater literal credence when he has daily evidence of the extraordinary rubbish (and Jonah was at least not rubbish) that "the Modern Mind" is capable of swallowing without any sign of immediate disgust, though leading to subsequent indigestion. Thus, in the world of "the New Physics," a 'professor' has only to state that such and such a star is 942¼ "light-years" distant from our little planet for such a statement to be accepted as a scientific fact—that is to say, as true. How many of "the New Thinking Public" pause to reflect that a single *light-hour* represents 696,600,000 miles (assuming for one credulous moment that light has, in fact, the alleged speed of 186,000 miles per second in absolute space where it cannot be observed or measured). Multiplying this distance of 696,600,000 miles (trifling to the infinite comprehension of our modern professors) by 8,249,520 we arrive at a figure requiring more space for the ciphers than THE ENGLISH REVIEW could well spare.

Who pauses to question whether these professors, expressing the infinite in terms of their puny intellectual 'yard-sticks,' have any knowledge whatever of the nature of light, or its behaviour, in absolute space? Who demands of these modern professors the evidence by which they support their fantastic assertions? Those who believe such mumbo-jumbo to be true are "fundamentalists" with a vengeance. Does the essentially "Modern Mind" question the existence of a *vitamin* as a real thing, as anything, in fact, but a mere word? Not a bit of it. It is believed in all seriousness that vitamins A, B, C, D, etc., can be isolated and swallowed much as the whale is reputed to have swallowed Jonah.

Does "the Modern Mind" show any indication of questioning the future of aircraft for Empire-linking? Far from it. Reason sheds no ray of light upon those aerial fundamentalists who seriously believe in "Empire-linking" because some ignorant or interested 'scientist' foresees a vast commercial future for it.

Does "the Modern Mind" suspect a bishop of religious

quackery when he is disposed to reject the truth of a proposition that cannot be subjected to chemical analysis? By no means: he is regarded, on the contrary, as a profoundly learned leader of an admittedly confused flock.

Does "the Modern Mind" see anything peculiar or unreasonable in the new creed of evolution of *principles*? Does it laugh at the conception of evolutionary conservatism? Does it ridicule the practice of "evolving" locomotives of enormous weight to drag loads which, by common consent, are conspicuous by their absence?

Does it question the soundness of the new "evolved" laws of economics, or look with respect on other days when all undertakings had to survive on their merits, without subsidy, or go under? Not a bit of it. The greater and more glaring the industrial chaos and bankruptcy, the louder the condemnation of those days when prosperity was widespread and not confined, as now, to a group of plutocratic "Rationalizers" and *Mergerers*. Pages could be devoted to metaphorical Jonahs that the evolutionary mind swallows with all the confident greediness of the whale. In time these modern superstitions will assuredly be spewed up, as was the prophet, though at present they seem to cause enthusiasm rather than anxiety or discomfort to the whale of "modern thought."

As we look about the world today, are we not forced to the conclusion that credulity, so stark as to be almost barbaric, has settled down upon a century which has become "fundamentalist" in its treatment of wild and contradictory hypotheses as scientific facts, and sceptical about those religious, political, and social principles of the Christian Faith which have reason to support, and experience to establish them?

We are all fools, including Carlyle, in the sense that our ignorance far transcends our certain knowledge of truth, *especially of physical truth*, but the most mentally deficient person is not so foolish as the fool who has whispered in his heart, and conveyed in a whisper to children, that there may, after all, be no God.

"Fundamentalism," that new and horrible word imported, like most un-English conceptions, from the word and thought factory of America, is, of course, a necessity of reason. It merely implies an *absolute standard*, an admission that truth is static and not

evolutionary. It implies a *premise* without which reasonable and coherent thought, whether good or bad, is utterly impossible.

Physical science must, above all else, be fundamentalist to the core unless it is finally to abandon its quantitative, and thus its legitimate and valuable, basis for its present Gadarene progress into the sea of speculation and mumbo-jumbo. Relativity, the new metaphysic, and Evolution, the new 'philosophic' religion, are two conceptions which, while endeavouring to *abolish* the Absolute, have, in their turn, to *rest* upon some fundamental and absolute premise, as in fact they do. Relativity depends upon the fundamental, dogmatic, and unproven assertion that light travels at a certain measurable and known speed in infinite space, while evolution rests upon a belief in the fundamental ability of life, self-consciousness and morality to evolve themselves out of—what?

Thus must all of us, unconfined in asylums, be fundamentalists in something, the vital question being in what. In the world of physics, the ponderable and measurable world, we accept, or used to accept, common standards which were capable of proof. We were, in fact, all fundamentalists together.

In the immaterial world however, that is to say, in the *real* world, standards now differ, though each new philosophy or religion must have its roots in fundamentalism, the absolute, unless it is to degenerate, as is at present happening, into jangle, jazz, jargon, and the jungle.

Either the creative doctrine and religious and theological teaching of the Bible are true, or they are not true. The writer, as an avowed fundamentalist, believes that the Bible contains all revelation that is *necessary* to us in our short and often painful pilgrimage through this present life. He can conceive no authority outside its teaching and our own *experience* of its truth. "The Modern Mind," however, rejects the Bible as the Word of God and the Gospel of Christ as the Word of Life. Instead, with the approval of the Bishop of Birmingham, and, indeed, by his direct exhortation to the rising generation, we are persistently pointed to Biology—the new 'word of life'—preached by a naturalist and denied by a Carpenter.

Henri Murger and His Bohemia

By Francis Gribble

"SCÈNES DE LA VIE DE BOHÈME" is one of the world's famous books; but Henri Murger, who wrote it, is not one of the world's famous authors. He never succeeded, like Dumas and Victor Hugo, in imposing his personality. He was too modest and retiring—and too poor. Even the world which he amused took little interest in him. Its picture of him, in so far as it formed any, was a picture of a shabby and disreputable person, the sort of person whom one would not greatly care to know—a Bohemian who never grew up but continued, until the end, to devote to "affairs" with unpresentable grisettes all the time that he could spare from soaking in the cafés of Montmartre and the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

It is not quite a true picture, and yet not altogether an untrue one. Murger was not a drunkard—he was, for the greater part of his life, too impecunious to be intemperate. He was not an idler—he worked regularly and hard. But his character was weak, and he never mastered the arts summed up in the two untranslatable French phrases: *savoir vivre* and *se faire valoir*. And the consequence of that was, not only that he never succeeded in earning the income which his talents merited, but also that he never emerged from the obscure social position to which he was born, and in which the grisettes whom he sometimes loved, and with whom he always consorted, whether he loved them or not, were his social equals.

He was precociously sentimental, but he did not understand that there are social circles in which sentiment is not enough and a lover is expected to be presentable as well as devout. His failure to appreciate that fact brought to a precipitate close his one and only "affair" with a woman who smiled on him from a higher social sphere.

She was a Danish lady—well-born, married, rich, five-and-twenty years of age. Nothing is known of her except that her baptismal name was Christine, and that

she wore velvet—a luxurious material which the grisettes could seldom afford. The sentimental vein of Murger's writings attracted her. She wrote to him. She came to see him in his garret; and he boasted to his friends of his conquest. The garret struck her as too sordid a place for romance, so she proposed that they should meet and go for a walk together in the woods of Ville d'Avray—an ideal site, as it seemed to both of them, for an idyll.

It may be that the whole course of his life would have been different if he had dressed the part satisfactorily. But he did not. His necessities had compelled him to pawn his only decent suit of clothes. Not having the wherewithal to redeem them, and being convinced that Christine loved him for himself alone, he repaired to the sentimental rendezvous in a borrowed costume which did not fit him, with the result that Christine told him that she really could not be seen walking about Ville d'Avray with a man who looked like a soldier of the municipal guard in mufti.

And that was the end of that. In spite of the poems which Murger addressed to her, and the letters which he wrote her, Christine passed out of his life for ever, and he went back to the Mimis and Musettes, who expected less from him and were always ready to sustain the rôle which Gibbon defines as that of "domestic female companion." Quite a number of them—some of them faithful and others unfaithful—brightened his life, which badly needed brightening, from time to time; and anyone who is curious to read the story at length will find it in a new book by M. Georges Montorgeuil—the editor of the "Intermédiare des Chercheurs et Curieux," which is the French "Notes and Queries"—entitled: "Henri Murger, Romancier de la Bohème" (Grasset).

It is a well-told story. M. Montorgeuil does not imagine or invent after the manner of the modern "psychological" biographer whose constant claim is to have listened at the keyhole to conversations which did not take place. He has studied his subject and assembled his facts with the sedulous and conscientious care of the antiquary; and his elaborate narrative is well worth summarizing.

Heredity cannot, in Murger's case, be made to account for anything. One knows nothing of his mother except that she was a gentle creature and very fond of him, and had, before her marriage, been a dressmaker. One knows nothing of his father except that he was a concierge and a tailor, narrowminded, and crossgrained. One knows nothing of Murger's childhood except that, at the age of ten, he imagined himself in love with a young woman, many years his senior, who lived in one of the flats which his father guarded—that he gravely returned her presents when he found that she loved another—and that she spoke of him, in after years, when she was Madame Thalberg, the famous pianist, as "a little boy whom I found immensely amusing."

He got no more education than could be obtained at an elementary school at a time when the education which such seminaries provided was very elementary indeed. His father wanted to make a tailor of him. He objected, and his mother supported the objection. Thanks to the patronage of a friendly neighbour he got a post as a lawyer's clerk. Subsequently he became the secretary of a Russian man of letters, and the Bolshevists lately extracted from their archives and published a letter from his employer which they represented as a proof that he had been a police spy in the service of the Russian Government.

It is a ridiculously false accusation. He was nothing of the kind. He was too ignorant, simple-minded, and sentimental a youth to be capable of being anything of the kind. He was so sentimental, indeed, that he is said to have cried, after he was grown up, over the entrance of the wolf into the story of Little Red Riding Hood. His poorly-paid services to the Russian man of letters, like his poorly-paid services to the French lawyer—the former paid him only £2 a month—merely enabled him to keep the wolf from his own door while he fumbled in that Bohemia to which he was introduced by Eugène Pottier, then nobody in particular, but eventually notorious as the author of "L'Internationale."

Fumbling is really the right word. Murger was not one of those writers—and there are many of them—who pass through Bohemia and come out triumphantly on

the other side. He entered Bohemia in his teens and died in it at the age of thirty-eight; and the Bohemia to which he belonged was not what people call "la haute Bohème." It was the Bohemia in which everybody is poor, and everybody, when ill, goes to the hospital. Murger himself frequently went to the hospital. The appeals which he sent therefrom to his friends for small loans and to his publishers for small advances—a mere ten francs, for instance—show us how desperately poor he was.

He fumbled, too, with his work. For a while he did not know whether his gifts were those of a writer or a painter. Then he wrote a vast amount of absolutely worthless verse. When at last, almost by accident, he wrote "Scènes de la vie de Bohème," he had not the least idea that these "slices of life," humorously depicting his own trivial experiences, constituted a work which would live and might enrich him. Not perceiving that, and being very hard up at the time, he parted with all rights in the book for the absurd sum of £20, which was counted out to him in gold on a café table. It was only when his plays were produced that he sometimes found himself temporarily in funds; and that money—there was not much of it—soon slipped through his fingers, leaving him once more dependent on his journalism and his books. As an old account-book which has been preserved proves, the latter brought him in, in the course of four years, the munificent sum of sixteen hundred and thirty-three francs and sixty centimes.

Commercially, that is to say, his career was a failure. Artistically, its success amounted to no more than an occasional flash in the pan. What was its sentimental value? Did the charms and affections of Mimis and Musettes afford Murger any adequate consolation for his rebuffs in the struggle? That is a branch of the subject to which M. Montorgeuil contributes a rich store of new facts. He has traced the tragic life-story of one of the Mimis and has succeeded in interviewing another of them —a nonagenarian link with Murger's career who did not die until 1917.

Neither of them was really called either Mimi or Musette. The former's name was Marie; the latter's Anais. Marie, they say, was the only woman whom he

ever really loved; Anais the only woman who ever really loved him.

His closest friends seem to have known very little about Marie, except that she was dressed in velvet—the perpetual emblem, to his mind, of voluptuous womanhood—when he met her, and that she passed out of his life very soon after passing into it. They know only that, after she had passed out of his life, he wrote these lines to her in a book which he had given her and which she had left behind in his garret on her departure :—

Dans le beau mois d'Août où l'on fête Marie,
J'ai, poète amoureux, l'an dernier, à genoux,
Donné ce livre avec une branche fleurie
D'oranger, exhalant les parfums les plus doux.

A celle que j'aimais—que peut-être encor j'aime—
Et, me recompensant de ces présents divers,
Sa bouche me donna—je m'en souviens quand même—
Plus de baisers qu'il n'est en ce livre de vers.

La fleur, avant le temps sur son sein s'est fanée,
De mon amour, la fleur était l'emblème; ainsi
Parfums jumeaux ayant la même destinée
Des que l'un fut flétri, l'autre le fut aussi.

The rest was mystery; but now the mystery is solved, and its solution is more sordid than romantic.

This Mimi's full name was Marie-Virginie Vimal. She began life as a seamstress, and, at the age of sixteen, she was tempted and fell, and found herself about to become a mother; but the man who had seduced her consented to marry her. His name was Fonblanc. He was many years her senior—a scholar of sorts—a teacher of languages in Montmartre who falsely claimed some connection with the University of Paris. Finding Marie intelligent, he taught her book-keeping and languages, and found her employment as a visiting governess.

One of the houses which she visited was that of Murger's uncle. One of her pupils was Murger's cousin, Angèle, with whom Murger, then aged about seventeen, was in love, but who treated his advances with disdain, leaving the poems which he addressed to her unread and throwing the flowers which he offered her into the stove. Marie, whom he met while paying his suit to Angèle, was more affable, and consoled him for Angèle's indifference.

It was only a Platonic affair at first. Murger was not precociously enterprising, and it was Marie who took the initiative. She invited him to be her fellow-pupil when her husband was teaching her English; and her husband showed no jealousy. Not only did he welcome the young man. He lent him his own dress-clothes in order that he might escort his wife to balls at the Opera and elsewhere. And then, suddenly and unexpectedly, occurred the crisis. When they were alone together, one evening, Marie made a confession.

Things were not what they seemed. Her husband was not really a teacher of languages—he was a thief. Her work as a visiting governess was only an excuse for getting into people's houses and procuring information which would help him in his nefarious calling. And now the game was up and the police were on his track. There had been a perquisition in the house. Even Murger's love-letters had been carried off by the commissaire, and she herself was in danger of being arrested as the accomplice of her husband's crimes. She wanted a place of refuge. Her mother had taken charge of her baby. Would Murger take charge of her?

He would and did. His friend Guilbert, the painter, lent him a room adjoining his studio, and he took Marie to it and hid her there. It was a romance of a sort. The boy of eighteen may well have pictured it as more romantic than it really was. But the romance was not of long duration. Two unhappy incidents put an end to it. In the first place, Marie tired of Murger and left him for Guilbert. In the second place, Marie was found by the police and sent to Saint-Lazare to await her trial; and though she was acquitted—whereas her husband was sentenced to ten years' hard labour—all was over between her and Murger.

Or very nearly so; for the story has a sequel. He vowed that he would never see her again. To a friend who, knowing something of his story, urgently counselled him not to do so, he wrote:

"You speak to me of Marie. It is true that she is now at liberty, but I have no intention of trying to see her again. I know about her only what I read in the papers."

But he did not forget her—he could not. His recollection of her continued to inspire his writings; and the day came, many years afterwards, when he ran into her by accident in the streets of Paris. They spoke; and he momentarily forsook the Mimi or Musette who had taken her place in order to renew his relations with her. But that experiment was a complete failure; and the acknowledgment of its failure may be found in a pathetic couplet which he wrote:—

Et Musette, qui n'était plus elle,
Disait que je n'étais plus moi.

It is not much of a romance when one comes to look closely at it. It leaves one with the impression that a very little romance went a very long way with Murger, and the impression is not glaringly contradicted by the stories of any of his subsequent romances.

There were a fair number of them. One of them—that of which Christine was the heroine—has already been reviewed. Few of the others would repay reviewing; but the story of his relations with Anais—the last of the Mimis—will repay it, seeing that it helped him to end his life in such tranquil domestication as Bohemia could provide.

Her name was Anais-Victorine Boyer. Her parents were peasants who lived in Champagne. She had found her way to Paris when quite young, and had there married the proprietor of a small café in Saint-Denis called Latrasse, but had ceased to live with him. Ostensibly she earned her living with her needle; but she lived in comfort, having other resources. A sailor friend who visited her from time to time may be presumed to have supplied them. She was a great novel reader. She had shed the tears of sensibility over "Scènes de la vie de Bohème"; and it happened that, one day, when looking for her letters, she saw a letter addressed to "Monsieur Henri Murger, auteur dramatique."

So her favourite author was actually living in the same house with her in the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; and she had passed him on the staircase without knowing who he was; and her window and his, as she now learnt, faced each other—a very romantic situation, capable of being made still more romantic. She looked at him; she smiled at him. He was responsive without being

precipitate. Fortune had lately given him one of her rare smiles. A play of his had made a little success at the Variétés. He was at leisure. His heart was unoccupied. He had money to play with, if not to burn.

It does not seem to be known which of them spoke first; but their early relations were conducted by correspondence—letters sent by hand from room to room. It was a slow courtship. Neither of the two was in a hurry to say, "I love you." Anais had her position to consider—her sailor friend on whose benevolences she was dependent. Murger felt his way gradually, suggesting, at first, no more than that they might very well find that they loved each other, if they got to know each other better. And so things took their course—the more inevitably, perhaps, because so gradually. The day, or rather the night, came when Anais paid her first stealthy visit to Murger's apartment. The more often she went there, the longer she allowed herself to be retained. One night she allowed herself to be retained until the morning; and then, duplicity being repugnant to her frank and simple nature, she left the sailor for the man of letters.

She would have married him, if that had been possible; but she could not, being married already, in an age in which the French divorce laws were still governed by ecclesiastical prejudices. She became his wife, however, in all but name; and they lived faithfully together—sometimes in Paris and sometimes at Marlotte on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau—until the end of his life.

It was a union which their circle accepted and treated with respect; just as, at about the same date, the union between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes was accepted by a more distinguished social circle in England. It may be said, indeed, to have run on parallel lines with that more famous union, and to have differed from it only in the fact that there was less money about, and that Anais could lay no claim to intellectual or artistic distinction.

Murger passed, under her guidance, from a Bohemian to a bourgeois life; and one gathers the impression that, even in his youth, he had sojourned in Bohemia for no other reason than because it was the only literary and artistic world in which he could afford to live. At any

rate, it is clear that he felt relieved when he got out of it and had Anais to keep house for him, and cook for him, and embroider slippers for him, and accompany him to the theatre. He wroté poetry to her in her cookery book; and the lines breathe contentment with the quiet, orderly and comfortable life which her domestic talents secured for him at times when, thanks to a theatrical success, he was able to pay his way :—

Les gens qu'amuse le théâtre
Nous ont fourni pour cet hiver
Du charbon de quoi remplir l'âtre. . . .
Verrou tiré, ô ma petite,
Enfermons-nous pour nous aimer.
Tant que bouillera la marmite,
Nous serons là pour l'écumer.

And then again :—

Du soir au matin, du matin au soir,
Je n'ai maintenant plus d'autre pensée
Sinon de te voir et de te pouvoir
Tenir dans mes bras, sur mon cœur pressée.

Such was the tranquil course of life upon which he had at last contrived to enter; and though poverty overtook him again and he was taken to a hospital to die, his last years were happy and Anais cherished his memory.

What had happened to her in the long interval between Murger's death and M. Montorgeuil's discovery of her at Champigny is not known, or has not been disclosed. Somehow or other she had prospered and was living a quiet life among people who knew nothing of her Bohemian antecedents. It was not easy to persuade her to talk of them; but when she did talk of then, she talked freely :—

"In this country place," she said, "I prefer to avoid people's stupid and vulgar curiosity; but I have no wish to hide any of the events of the past which is the secret pride of my old age. Murger's last Mimi does not blush at the recollection of what she did when she was twenty. Come this way, and I will show you something."

And she opened a door and led her visitor into a little bedroom, furnished and decorated exactly like the room described in "Les Vacances de Camille," and with a portrait of the author of "Scènes de la vie de Bohème" hanging over the bed.

White Hyacinths

By William Mackay

HAD I but two loaves of bread, the prophet Mohammed is accredited with having said, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths for my soul.

Nellie Grant had, comparatively and metaphorically (she had actually less in the sequel), but two loaves of bread. And she wanted a man. She was willing to sell one, and buy white hyacinths of this sort, for the want was more than a want—it was a yearn.

Just why it should have been so difficult of accomplishment is unobvious, even to a Nellie. She lived on San Francisco's water front not far from Dago Jake's, where the whole of the Seven Seas pour their masculine flotsam and jetsam into the small, darksome, unholy alleyways of the Barbary Coast. White, Brown, Yellow —even Black; jackies in rolling blue; ear-ringed Italians from the Mediterranean, where the moon slithers on the hot lava slide of Stromboli, with its vineyards pencilled as in chalk at its foot; whalemen of the south and north seas; "dipsea" toilers after the predatory *baracuda* and the swift-swimming yellowtail; port divers; Shanghai rogues; crimps; Malays from the Penang, as far as Mata-Hari; bronzed stevedores; dungaree-clad lime-juicers fresh off tramps from the Mersey, or newly out from Tilbury Docks; windjammer wallahs from the *Rios*, the Azores, the floe-bitten Horn; tinker and thief, hyjacker and bootlegger, chink-smuggler, the thug, the gunman, and the dope vendor—Heaven knows there was enough of the masculine persuasion to pick and to spare along 'Frisco's water front. And in spite of all this, Nellie Grant wanted a man.

Surely volition is prayer. Nellie closed the door of her disreputable lodging-house on Lower Broadway after her, and began threading her way through the panoramic maze of primitive humans that infested the street, turning her footsteps in the direction of Dago Jake's. Jake was an Italian, and kept an eating-dive open to all just off the

coast; where the swells from well north of Market Street and the clubs of Nob's Hill come down to put in rowdy —and worse—nights, and mingle with the roughs and the women of the Barbary Coast, and swill his "doctored," formaldehyde-cut bootleg booze. Nellie ate there. She was Jake's "girl."

It was a fine drizzle of mist as she rounded a corner and started toward the far portico light that was Dago Jake's, for it was the season when the stinging trade-winds come lashing in from the Pacific, gusting like drunken sailormen as they bring with them the cold spindrift and the fine spume tossed up by the waves, and blow it over the arcs and the street lights of San Francisco town. Nellie trod on down the dismal, ill-lit street, and then paused by an unlit lamp-post. A man, in very dishevelled evening dress, bareheaded, was leaning against it in dejected attitude. Nellie made out the crumpled white-shirt front, and drew her own conclusions. She regarded him for a moment with a professional eye, and then sidled up to him. It was business.

"Does your mother know you're out, kid?" she asked, after the accepted manner of salutation of the Barbary Coast.

The man looked at her for a moment with lack-lustre eye, and then suddenly clutched at her in a sort of frenzy.

"Snow!" he cried in a dry scream. "For God's sake, snow!" and collapsed.

Plainly it was a dope-fiend. Nellie was about to pass on and leave it to the mercies of chance patrolmen, or passing Samaritan, when a groan from the fallen human being at the foot of the lamp-post arrested her intention. After all, she was a woman.

She knelt down beside him, regardless of the effect of the dirty, wet pavement on her gown, and studied the man closer. She wanted a man—badly—but this——

Pallid, sunken features, and hollow eyes, told all too plainly to one of Nellie's life and experience where his manhood had gone to. He wasn't fish, meat, fowl, or even red herring. He was just a bondman of morphia, which is a far lower servitude than even that of alcohol;

a spineless thing in human guise that will lie, cheat, steal, or stab its own benefactor for an ounce of the fatal "snow." Nellie knew the breed, with contempt and loathing.

The fallen man groaned again; and a something purely psychological happened within Nellie. She couldn't have analysed it, psycho-analysis, or even metaphysics, being, of course, entirely beyond her ken. Nevertheless, she *recognized* it. The recognition came to her while she still knelt by the fallen man, subconsciously inhibiting the strains of *Thais' Meditation*, which the violin of a four-piece orchestra was murdering in Dago Jake's dive. She wasn't even aware that she was listening to it, nor had she been, would she have known either its name, or theme. But she suddenly, and in some totally unanalysable way, recognized that this thing at the foot of the lamp-post was *her man*.

Speculation is, in such case as this, purely peculation —of time and effort; and *why*, here, has about the potentiality of whine. Maybe the reincarnationalists are right, and that Nellie—another Nellie—had once known the thing at her feet—another thing then, mayhap a man—and loved it. Process of elimination almost drives one back across that boundary; for certainly there is no assignable reason otherwise why Nellie—and the woman she *was*, good Lord!—should deliberately cumber herself with a wastrel of this manifest order, which the most rudimentary reasoning would have informed her would always be a drain on herself and her earnings, and never any help. It wasn't even ornamental. And Nellie, child of the streets, was one of those whose fundamental reasoning powers are not at all wanting. Also, she was accustomed to think *of*, much more earnestly than *for*, herself. And neither was it love. And neither was it lust. So there you have it.

Anyway, to her room in the disreputable lodging-house on Lower Broadway, he was conveyed; and there Nellie, denying herself to other interests, set herself to nurse him back to some semblance of life and manhood. It was at the end of a fortnight that the drug addict began to show signs of any return to normality, and this he did by suddenly sitting up in bed—Nellie's bed; she was sleeping

under blankets on a broken-down couch—twitching all over, and demanding " snow." He didn't even ask where he was, nor how he had come there, nor why, any more than express, or apparently notice, the obvious care with which he was surrounded. All he said was, " Snow."

Nellie bestirred herself—she was preoccupiedly trying to heat him some broth over a little gas affair on the top of her room light, which she used generally for her hair-wavers—and came over to him.

" Forget it," she advised, placing her cool, slim hand on his forehead. She had very pretty hands.

" I'll die if I don't get it," he threatened weakly, and began to play with the poor, cheap bedspread, twisting and rumpling it nervously in his hands.

" No, yuh won't," she answered cheerfully. " Yuh'll only die if yuh do get it."

She recrossed to the mean little dresser, and poured broth from a tiny saucepan into a cup, returning with it to the patient's bedside.

" Here; drink some of this," she ordered.

He obeyed, mechanically, and then fell into a profound sort of torpor.

For the hundredth time, perhaps, she fell to wondering what it was all about. Men she knew; that was part of her daily bread and butter. And that there were such things as dope-fiends she was aware—only they had never intimately crossed her life before. She was conscious, too, that she had wanted a man for some time—ever since the void in her life created by the death of English Harry, a third-rate jockey who had been killed while riding at Tia Juana; a void that Dago Jake could not fill—but the generic definition of the objective of her want conveyed masculinity of a type recognizable as such by her; something if not exactly of the potentiality of All-Hands-and-Feet—a great Dane who had preceded the little English jockey, until a knife thrust had brought him across a bar-counter like the shadow of a toppled demijohn—with at least a claim on accomplishment; something that could keep her, and feed her, and dress her with the gaudy dresses and the cheap tinsel, and scent, and jewellery which her heart craved. Even Dago Jake, whose " girl " she was, was cleverly successful at

his own game. But this broken creature in her bed—apparently he could never have adduced valid reason for the breath of life. Yet, in some indefinable way he breathed, and she knew that he was hers.

It was to Dago Jake that she took her problem—not of her twitching roomer, of course; that subject, for obvious reasons, was taboo before Jake.

" Jake," she said, " yuh know what these dope fellers are. How do they get them cured? "

Jake shrugged his shoulders, and glanced about him. His dive was beginning to fill up for the evening, and he had his duties as host to think of; otherwise he might have pondered a bit more suspiciously over the oddity of the question.

" Dope feller?" he repeated after her, the while running his eye over a newly arrived group, seating itself boisterously at one of his plain pine tables, and calling for wooden spoons to hammer the choruses to songs with. ' Wot maka da dope feller taka da dope? Eh, Nellie? "

" No, Jake. What makes a dope fiend stop wanting dope? "

He laughed with a flash of his white teeth.

" Ha-ha ! da's wot alla da dopa feller wanta t'know ! Eh, Nellie? Da's dopa fellers coma in 'ere for maka t'buy da snow. Me? I no sella da dope. Sella da sphagett; sella da macaroni; sella da booze. No sella da dope. Eh, Nellie? "

" But there must be something they can take to make 'em stop wanting it," she insisted. " Didn't you ever hear of anything, Jake? "

Jake regarded her with a benevolent eye. She was—as he knew she knew—only one among several of his " girls." She could barely lay claims even to good looks, and from an entertaining point of view to his patrons was an almost negligible quantity. Unlike the others, she wasn't even a source of lucrative income to him. But there was something about her that was dependable, even loyal, and so somehow—against his general practice in such matters—he kept her on his free eating list, and even from time to time made her small presents of money or sham jewellery. It was an odd sort of relationship, but

it apparently satisfied both. He regarded her now, therefore, with a benevolent eye.

"I tella yuh dis, Nell," he said in answer to her question, with the quick abruptness of his race, on occasion. "W'en a feller wanta somet'ing, he wanta dat somet'ing dam bad. Maybe itsa da booze, maybe itsa da girl, maybe itsa da dope. An' w'en he wanta dat somet'ing, he getta dat somet'ing, goddam." (He emphasized his point with his finger.) "Den w'en he wanta da somet'ing more dan 'e wanta da booze, or da girl, or da dope, 'e forgetta da booze, da girl, an' da dope, an' getta da somet'ing more. Eh? Da's wot maka da man quitta da dope—w'en 'e wanta da somet'ing more. Me? I wanta da business. I go getta da business. By *Jesu* I am da only wop in ' Frisco wot gotta da pep!"

Nellie left Dago Jake's that night with a very clearly defined plan in her mind. She must find an interest for her boarder; something that he would want more than the dope, if she was to save him from its effects. Why she should put herself to all this trouble, she couldn't have answered. She didn't even try; but she realized somehow that she *must*. The only thing that puzzled her about the matter was the all saving interest-to-be. Had she ever heard of Mohammed, the Prophet, she might have recognized that it was merely a case of white hyacinths.

Being totally in ignorance of the tenets of the great leader of religious Islam, she set herself to gaining some knowledge of her task by questioning her charge the following day. He was still twitching and playing with the bed-clothes, but had recovered somewhat of whatever his former self may have been, under the good food and treatment.

"Kid," she said, she didn't know his name, of course, "what was yuh before yuh became what yuh are?"

He ceased his playing with the bed-clothes a moment, and looked at her without answering; stubbornly, almost defiantly.

"I mean," she amended, "what wuz your job? How'd yuh make a living? Of course yuh don't belong to Lower Broadway; I seen that the moment I laid eyes on yuh. Yuh must belong somewheres. Yuh musta done *something*."

For the first time he made answer in words of more than one syllable.

" Yes," he repeated after her, " I did . . . something."

Her native wit told her she was on the wrong tack with the man, and she sought for a different angle of attack.

" This ' snow ' that you're always craving—what is it that makes you always want it so, kid? "

For a moment his face contorted as though with a spasmodic effort against pain, and then a far-away light came into his eyes as he answered—and his voice seemed as from a distance—

" It's like—white hyacinths," he said slowly.

" White hyacinths?——Yuh mean those flowers they sell, up on the corner of Market and Kearney? "

" No; not those."

He smiled wanly; but he had ceased playing with his bed-clothes now.

" You buy those—from the Italian flower stands—for fifty cents a bunch," he went on. " Anyone—with fifty cents—can buy white hyacinths—at Kearney Street. I mean the kind you—sell your soul to buy."

She was frankly puzzled at this, her mental functioning working perforce more in the concrete than the abstract. How should she have known? Her own soul had been leased, time and again, for English Harry's, or All-Hands-and-Feet's, or Dago Jake's, dollars.

" I don't get yuh, kid," she said.

" No. You wouldn't," he replied, thoughtfully, but without any sting.

Presently he addressed her again.

" I don't know how I came here—where I am. I suppose this is the ' Coast.' I've been living so long—in Chinatown—at an opium joint—I don't remember how I left there. I suppose I had no more money, and they threw me out. They always throw you out—everywhere—when you haven't any more money. I suppose I owe all this to you. I don't even know your name."

" Men call me Nellie," she answered; " Nellie Grant. And this is my room on Lower Broadway. I found you in a heap round the corner, and brought you here. You don't owe me any thanks. What's your name, kid? "

He thought again for a moment.

"I don't know—that I have any—name," he said, finally. "Will—Jack—do?"

Thereafter, Jack began to improve rapidly. He had set-backs—black days when the fury of his craving rose like a wicked genie out of the sea of its sleep, and bestrode his shoulders. But Nellie turned a deaf ear to his pleading, and kept him absolutely without funds; and as "snow" is only procurable for cash, and much of it, he was compelled by *force majeure* to forgo its false stimulations. It was drastic treatment, of the kill-or-cure order, and it spoke wonders for the vitality and physique of "Jack Brown," as he called himself, that he was enabled to endure this surgical and metaphysical excision. Nevertheless, survive it he did; and emerged, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of his ruin, a stronger and a clearer man.

But as yet she had not found the white hyacinths for his soul, and the thought was continually at her elbow; a black dread, that just so soon as her care and vigilance were relaxed, he would slip back again quickly into his bondage to "snow." She held the yearn at bay by sheer brute force, but she had not killed the yearn because she was aware that as yet she had found nothing to offer in its place. Herself he had accepted, but in the same vein in which he had taken broth from her hands, and lodging from her purse—not, to be sure, as a right, not even as a matter of course; but more as one breathes, because it comes naturally so to do, and because no other form of activity suggests itself. It would have seemed as queer to the man "Jack Brown" to refuse Nellie's whole offer, as it would have been to contemplate refusing to breathe. There was simply nothing else left for him to do.

This was Nellie's instinct or inspiration. That she should offer what she had—herself, her resources, her services, her all—seemed perfectly natural to her, for she recognized "Jack Brown" as indubitably hers. Analytical reasoning simply did not enter into it in the least; it was a matter of belief solely—stronger still, conviction. Yet she perfectly knew that he did not in the least recognize this same relativity; nor was anything she had to offer him of sufficient moment, lure, or interest

to keep him safe from the dreaded " snow." The white hyacinths remained to be discovered. Yet, secretly, Nellie looked forward to, and longed for, the day when they should prove to be she. It consecrated a little hidden shrine in her heart, and like a Japanese woman she burned a constant tiny *ihai* there to the holy presence. They are like that—sometimes—the Nellies.

It was during the third month of their odd relationship that Nellie got an inkling of what the white hyacinths—or at least an acceptable substitute for them—might be. She had taken Jack out to the Beach—he was comparatively strong again, but still not to be trusted alone—and they lingered by the Cliff House to watch the seals playing on the rocks, and the white-maned foam-horses moving in long platoons toward the far-away Faralone Islands as they washed away and away to still more distant Cathay. The westering day had burst its heart in a blood-purple blaze of glory as the sun sank behind Tamalpais, tinging the hyaline of the chalcedony bay waters with gold, and pink, and saffron, and salmon, and the frail, green flower of twilight was shivering through the sky.

A small, jacinth star began to twinkle like a tiny lanthorn flame, until a rose moon lifted its horns through the Gate and erased the little flame in a golden sheen of light. Jack turned toward Nellie.

" It's a glorious old world—if it weren't for all the humans in it," said he. " Why don't we live by the sea, Nellie? There are lots of little shacks here and there for rent, and they're much cleaner and cheaper than Lower Broadway."

" By the sea? " she queried absently; and then caught by the opportunity of having him to herself entirely it invoked—" it would be nice, Jack. We'll see about it." (Secretly she was making a swift calculation on the length of time it would take her to get from the Beach to Dago Jake's of nights, for, of course, they both had to live. But she didn't mention this thought to him, for Jack knew nothing of Dago Jake's, apparently.) " It does feel fine to be out here; so fresh, and clean, as you say. Maybe we will."

He had turned his face again, and was observing the

rising moon, and the fading, jacinth star. A sudden urge came to Nellie, and, as was customary with her, she voiced it with childlike unsophistication, laying her slim, prettily shaped hand over his.

"Jack," she said simply, "what brought yuh to the Barbary Coast?"

She felt him wince beneath her hand, and draw himself swiftly into a shell. Finally, when the silence seemed almost interminably rebuking,

> "When night's fair fires their Queen surround,
> An emulous star too near the moon a-rode."

he quoted. "Come, Nellie; the fog will be coming over Alcatraz before we get back to the 'Coast.'"

But Nellie was not to be put off in that way.

"Jack," she queried, firmly, and yet as one dreading to ask the question, "was it—what is white hyacinths?"

A motor-car had drawn abreast of them unobserved, and pulled up to note the glory of young Io lifting his horns through the Golden Gate. But he was not alone now, for a star burned on the right horn of his crescent, while behind a silver cloud trailed its torn draperies. The voice of a woman spoke in the car, and Nellie saw Jack stiffen like a man shot.

"Jack Hilton! Oh, Jack! It doesn't matter about the money—now."

Dimly Nellie was aware of a lady descending from the car, and coming toward them with hands outheld. She did not need the strangled cry—"Gladys!"—from Jack to tell her what his white hyacinths were. Somewhere in Nellie's hybrid genealogy there must have been good blood. Without a word, without a sign, she turned and crept from the scene.

It was one very drizzling night, about a month later, when Nellie, glancing furtively about, came out of the small side door of a tea-shop in Chinatown, that gave out on a narrow, Stygian alleyway. In her hand she held a tiny package for which she had just parted with the last six dollars she possessed in the world. It seemed an absurd price for such a tiny packet, and, looking at it, Nellie burst into a sudden ugly laugh.

"They always throw yuh out—everywhere—when yuh ain't got nothing more for 'em," she soliloquized.

WHITE HYACINTHS

She had just been ejected from Dago Jake's, and his parting words still rang in her ears.

"You jus' a dopa girl now, Nellie. I no giva da mon for da 'snow.' Sella da sphagett; sella da macaroni; sella da booze; no buya da dope. Yuh go geta da dope from dat feller wot trew yuh down, Nellie. Vamoose!"

She walked swiftly now from Lower Grant Street in Chinatown, and passed through the Italian quarter to the "Coast." There, she entered the door of her disreputable lodging-house on Lower Broadway, and ascended the three flights of stairs to her room. Soon, this would be closed to her.

Seating herself on her bed, she broke open the tiny package, and got out a much used needle-syringe.

"White hyacinths—white hyacinths," she laughed, in a futile sort of voice.

For Nellie Grant had sold her last loaf of bread for white hyacinths for her soul.

Of Magic Mediterranean Islands

By Louis Golding

BEING no remote grand-nephew of the benignant Baedeker, the world's uncle, I do not propose to tabulate a complete list of Mediterranean Islands, with instructions how to get to them, what pensions to stay in, what chest-protectors to wear, if any, and please beware of the drinking-water. My list of islands will be by no means exhaustive, for I will have nothing to do with Majorca and Mallorca. Whereas, on the other hand, there is a certain Island of the Sirens under the lee of the Sorrentine Peninsula which is hardly bigger than the desk I write at, but which means more to me than all Corsica, even with Elba thrown in. It is near the Galli Islands, but it is not large enough itself to have a name. Yet it is large enough to be made of flame-like rock that gives off a gold smoke as it burns out of the water. And it is large enough to give house-room to a family of wild rock-pigeons and to give foothold to two bushes of rosemary and one small tree of *erica mediterranea*, the tall, white-flowering heath of these parts. There is a tiny cavern beaten by the incessant sea out of its substance, and the walls of that cavern bleed with pink coral. When the sea is calm, you can enter there, and it is murmurous as a shell you hold in your hand or a cathedral which holds a whole city. That is the sort of island I would recall most gladly, but it has no name, and I would not divulge it if it had. And I would like to recall Corfu and Pantelleria and Ischia and Djerba and Favignano and—yes, there is no help for it—I shall have to recall Capri, too. I promised myself that I would resist Capri. For, if all the novels and all the poems written about this island were torn up, would not the debris coat the island with as thick a blanket of annihilation as that blanket of cinders which cloaked Pompeii, over the water there, nearly two millennia ago?

And yet, despite this morose knowledge, despite the knowledge that the pages of one of my own novels would form an infinitesimal handful of feathers in that colossal eiderdown, how shall I not recall Capri, when I remember the magic Mediterranean Islands?

Then there is Ithaca and Lipari and Zante and Marettimo . . . You will realize that there is no baedekeresque continuity in this evocation. They are merely islands and the names of them all are lovely. And they are set in that Middle Sea which still remains for me the centre and circumference of all the world's light and learning. China and England and America and Tasmania, all wilt (so far as I am concerned) in a limbo, in a penumbra. They are mere suburbs, mere provinces.

Corfu rises to my mind, most funereal and elegiac of Mediterranean islands. As your steamer approaches, you turn your back upon the scarred, gaunt outline of Albania, and contemplate a mountain, itself as shapely as a Greek urn. Its slopes are ashimmer with silver olive-groves and punctuated with the black smoke of cypresses. You disembark, and almost at once you are wading knee-deep in tall meadows of asphodel. How shall an island not be elegiac, with cypresses and olives and asphodel for its predominant flora? It is as if you had crossed to the further bank of Lethe and these were disembodied shades who rubbed shoulders with you—not peasants and priests and fishermen—until some bright-eyed café *padrone* sees you wandering thus lonelily, and he bids you sit at his table; and the peasants and priests and fishermen gather about you and you quaff a bottle of Corfiote wine.

I do not know if it is exact to say you quaff Greek wine. These strange people impregnate the benign juice of the grape with the odious extract of pinewood until it might be turpentine you are drinking, or methylated spirits. Yet you get used to it. For though in Corfu there are certain rose-pink wines, charitably unresinated, as you wander among the lesser islands, you will receive nothing but the fine elixir of resin to assuage a noonday thirst. And you get to like it. And you return to Naples and you turn your nose up at Falerno, and in Paris you scornfully dismiss the Château Lafitte. And you ache for the Greek islands again and the benzinated wine.

So you sit under the cypresses of Corfu, smoking the tightly packed ten-inch long cigarettes shipped on the tramp steamer that morning, from Santa Quaranta in Albania. The mystic words "Velr, Koçi Sha" are

inscribed on them. The words may mean the manufacturer's name or they may compose the Albanian National Anthem. You take in hand your Greco-Turkish coffee, pouring a single drop of water upon its surface to help the grounds to settle, then sip the sweet nectar sacramentally. (It may also drown the taste of the resin.) You will order luncheon and a fried octopus will be served to you, which you will devour without turning a hair, even contributing a certain malignant enthusiasm to the process. At this moment your eye may alight upon a passage in Herr Baedeker, where that authority states that the modern Greeks "literally swallow their newspapers." The newspapers of Corfu are more inky and unpalatable than the octopods. You need not swallow them as literally as all that. Instead, order as your sweet a boxful of powdery cubes of *loucoumi*, which you will follow with a pale-grey substance from Smyrna, called *chalbar*, made from beaten millet-seeds and sugar and a secret flavouring which will baffle you. The Greek lads are now gathered about you on the harbourside. These are no pale dwellers upon Lethe's banks. Ghosts do not so insistently demand to clean your shoes or sell you lottery-tickets. Their remote ancestors were enthusiastic disk-throwers, but all over Europe the autochthonous game is being superseded by that transatlantic tyrant, baseball, imported by returned peasants who tell incredible stories of demigods named Babe Ruth, who live in White Houses in Washington. Alas! the Ionian lad abandons his discus, the Spanish lad turns his back on the bloody glory of the matador. Alas the day! But the asphodels and the cypresses persist. And you have remembered to place the amber rosary about your wrist—a strictly non-ecclesiastical rosary. You pass the beads ruminatively through your fingers, partly to prevent you from smoking those cyclopean cigarettes in excess, partly to give you time to remember the ancestral glory of Hellas. The beads on your rosary are magic Mediterranean islands. Close your eyes. The bead that has just slipped your fingers is Corfu. Heigh, now! Whither are we transported? What bead is this between the fingers? Where are these minarets and fluted domes? And these yellow sands? This is Djerba, Island of the Lotus-Eaters, where the sailors of Ulysses

forgot the names of their loved ones. There is no island in the Mediterranean more magical than this.

There are two ways of getting to Djerba from Tunis: a long sea-journey on the primitive craft provided by the Compagnie de Navigation Olivier, or by the narrow-gauge railway to the oasis of Gabes. Thence you mount a camel's back and by way of the troglodyte country attain the shallow straits which keep Djerba inviolate in its palmy and moony secrecy. Here you may wander among the assiduous fruit-groves and in the motley bazaars, where the bright native saddle-rugs are sold and the winking fetichistic jewellery. You may pursue the age-old inquiry about the true nature of the lotus and may satisfy yourself (as I did) that the fruit of lotus is still to be tasted, even at this latter end of time. Or if your spirit be attuned to another than the Odyssean sanctity, you may visit the synagogue called "El Ghriba," "The Marvel," whither Christian and Muslim pilgrims, not less than Jewish, bend their steps from all the surrounding lands. For here, says legend, one of the Mosaic tablets is preserved. But by moonlight you will most clearly perceive why this island is spoken of as magical, and why those Hellene sailors were so bewitched here. For in the moonlight the minarets rise like the closed buds of tulips and the fluted domes are waxen like magnolias. The place is faerie. Do not linger too long here. Let one more bead slip between your fingers.

And what island is this, then, that takes up its place upon the rosary? I said we could not escape it. This is Capri, island of innumerable precipices and pinnacles, from each one of which a myriad novelists have sought to tie the streamer of his own novels: "South Wind," "Vestal Fires," "Lazy Isle," "Store of Ladies" . . . I could go on indefinitely, and then renew the tale in the literature of Germany, Labrador, Abyssinia, Cochin China. There are places (Capri is chief of them, Taormina is another) that are so preposterously beautiful that the heart swoons and sickens with the surfeit of their beauty. No wonder that a recent Capri novelist, standing upon the piazza and looking out upon the picture-postcard miracle of that prospect, declares wearily and impotently that "it is too late in the history of the world to attempt a description of the Bay of Naples and Capri at the heart

of it!" But it requires considerable self-restraint to walk up the twisting road from Capri to Anacapri, through the odorous boskage of lentisk and ilex and cistus and to look backward thence and not fall to weaving words in that aerial vacancy. Far southward from Salerno the dusking mountains stride into Calabria, still handing on their brave torches from summit to summit. Naples extends her bow of lights towards the translucent promontories. Lights respond to all these out of a firmament that here in Capri seems closer to earth than elsewhere. The lights of the tiny fishing-craft, going out after squid in deep waters, respond to them. The island in this moment of revelation undergoes a double magic. It is reduced to a mathematical atom of beauty, rising from the sea like a single burning flower, like a blossoming flame. Simultaneously it becomes vast as a province, a complex of infinite details to be analysed with a cold passion—the spilth of anemones and jonquils and violets flanking the small terraces of emerald young wheat; the steel-blue blazing of lithospermum in the rock-crannies; the stalks of arbutus like the pink legs of pigeons . . .

I have betrayed myself into it. I had hoped to be airy and a little cynical about the enchantment of Capri, and I have gone blue with rapture, like any high-school mistress out of Putney or Oshkosh. Let us drop one more bead and another, lest the indecency of such enthusiasm be prolonged. What island have we now then? Oh, these campaniles and the mosaics in these porches and the striped posts bound together against these front doors like bundles of asparagus! But this is Murano, surely, over in the lagoons of Venice! (You are quite right. This is a fantasy of Mediterranean Islands and it is evident that Murano is about as Adriatic as an island could be. But I insisted there would be no baedekeresque precision about my islands. I have already handed over Majorca and Mallorca, lock, stock and barrel. I insist on Murano in exchange.) There is a tiny restaurant in Murano, and the music those three fiddlers play (one is blind in one eye, one drunk, all three have pink noses) is subtle as the wind among rushes and potent as breakers upon Biscay shores. And the lovely Muranese girls stroll upon the pavements all night long, their fringed

shawls guttering about their shoulders like flame licking a wood-pile. But it is in the heavy mid-moment of summer that you must be in Murano. And you lie prone in your gondola until dawn swings golden banners over among the Acroceraunian hills. And you have the beatific sensation that those others, the tourists, are *doing* their Venice. They are shivering in dark churches (astoundingly cold even in mid-summer), distinguishing Gothic from Byzantine and examining virtuously all the pictures Mr. Ruskin approves of. But we in Murano—we bathe or loll or drink, or combine all three operations, whilst with ghoulish joy we meditate upon conducted tours dripping sweat on every portico, and directing their damp lorgnettes upon every Tintoretto. Why, in the magic of midsummer Murano, even the gondoliers are transformed. The stokehold of a tramp steamer cannot compare with their virulence and vehemence in the spring. But now all day they warble and coo like their own doves among the campaniles. They do not demand more than three times the legal tariff. Verily, enchantment is upon Murano!

And across the sea southward is Cyprus, where the Cypriote peasants still conduct such competitions in dancing and flute-playing as they did two thousand years ago before the vine-decked altars of Dionysus! How shall we not breathe the musky airs of Cyprus for a moment, and pursue the wild boar into his thickets among the coverts of Mount Ida? But there will be no time left to attempt the ascent of Stromboli, which stands northward from Sicily, a pillar of cloud by day and a stack of flame by night. And would you not care to quaff a beaker with old Ulysses in Ithaca, restored at length to Penelope after his long wanderings? Or sail thence to Ischia in the peacock waters of the Tyrrhenian, where Circe still converts men into woeful creatures?

Enough, enough of these far too magical islands! What? Shall we go gallivanting about among cypresses and porphyry pinnacles and leave no passengers upon the Metropolitan Railway to Wimbledon and upon the Seventh Avenue subway to Flatbush Avenue? Shame upon us! Let us fill the flagon with malted milk! Beware of lotus!

Billy

A Tale of the "Grenfell" Medical Mission in Labrador

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell

THE call this time was west. Spring was coming in. There was still plenty of snow down to fill the smaller hollows and somehow level off the bumps, and the winds had packed it so hard that you could cut it out in slabs with your snow knife, and play ball with the blocks. Our trail lay to the westward along the Straits of Belle Isle, and although, as the crow flies, we only intended to go a hundred miles from our little winter place among the trees down in the bay, the precipices and ridges that run, unfortunately, north and south across our path made it more of a problem than that distance sounds, when you tackle the problem in a Rolls-Royce, or even a "flivver," on a good paved road. However, the eastward journey had not been so bad. In fact, it was more than usually good; that is, for the hardest trail in our district.

There is nothing so glorious in the world as coming in at night to a home, however humble, after a long day out "on dogs," with only a hasty kettle boiled in a drogue of woods for lunch, and perhaps a "bun made with pork and currants to keep it from freezing like soft bread does." Your face is tingling, your blood coursing like a mill-race, your muscles tired with the joy of downing all obstacles, and your mind is at rest, because you are not out just for selfish pleasure.

We had visited our next station in the Straits of Belle Isle at Red Bay, about seventy-five miles away, another at Forteau a bit over the hundred, and also all the little villages between, which snuggle in under the great cliffs, or are hidden in the woods, in which so many spend the winter months, hunting, and trapping and

lumbering, so long as the sea is frozen " on the outside land."

Billy, our driver, is a middle-aged man with quite a large family. He is himself a small, almost tiny man, light as a feather on a dog sledge, but he is as tough as one of our Arctic spruces, and can stand weather almost as well as their storm-beaten snarled old trunks. Many a thousand miles, yes, many a thousand, Billy " has driven ' t' Mission doctors '." Northward from Battle Harbour to Nakvak Fjord near Cape Chidley along the Atlantic seaboard, or East to the Canadian border along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, everyone knows Billy. He is of Irish extraction and a good Catholic, so that the combination of " religions fore and aft " on the sledge, as they say here, helps to smooth over any fear of the loneliness, prejudice and superstitions which creeds and sects serve to create in some parts of the world. Not that anyone ever worries over that here. When it comes to hospitality, to lending a hand, or anything else you have to lend, then all that is instantly forgotten. But it seems to be the prerogative of the sects in these isolated parts that they do divide the social life and handicap the communal advance of the few folk there are, more than any other single factor, even perhaps more than space, or frost, or sea, or mountain fastness.

Billy is a very remarkable character. His strong points, of course, are not classical lore or superfluity of possessions, but rather those of an unfailing good humour and unselfishness, and a readiness to play " Christopher " for anyone and anything that comes his way. What a lot of troubles have been avoided, what a heap of discouragements from failures saved, what a power of inspiration and achievement afforded by the twinkle in Billy's eye, no one could ever believe. True, these assets would not be cashable for five cents in the money market. They are not as tangible as a " daub of Goo." No, they are not " practical " in the sense of " material " or any " rational thing." But they are there, all the same, like the boy's kite around the corner, which he feels tugging, but cannot see. More than once I have been led to get a firmer grip of the reality of the immaterial, and the potency of that sloppy sentimentality

some call "the mere emotion" of love, when I have once more caught the inspiring glint of Billy's eye, perhaps after we have dug ourselves out of some new snowdrift, or ended a long, hard day's run on dogs through these wilds, and storm and darkness have overtaken us right in the open wild, literally nowhere.

Billy will never have nervous prostration, any more than he will have nervous prosperity. You could hit him, or rob him, or crush him; I believe you could run over him with a steam-roller and then whatever was left of Billy would be optimistic. He has, naturally on this coast, been known on occasions to be late in arriving. He has been on record as "missing" once or twice, owing to troubles on sea, and "saving your presence," even on the land also. But there is one thing everyone has to admit about Billy—give him time, and if he has said he will get there, he will be there or be dead, and thank God he is very far from that yet, being only about fifty years of age, and looking thirty.

We had reached on this particular return journey what has always been considered the last lap. For when we reach Chateau Harbour, the great girdle of mountain chains across our pathway comes to an end, and the last twenty-five miles is comparatively easy. Till that point is gained, the mountains along this part of the trail simply shoulder travellers almost into the sea. For the path has to run along on the tops of the last ledge of cliffs, which fall, generally abruptly, over into the sea, or as it was now, on to the ice, or on to the great drifts of feathery snow that collect on the southern side of every elevation. These have the general quality of softness, the wind not being able to get at them and pack the snow, which seemed to our doctor on one occasion to be a special provision of Providence in case of accidents, for he had jumped in his sledge over a thirty-foot drop clear over the heads of the dogs. Even then there may be trouble, for the famous explorer, Donald MacMillan, having once dived into just such a pillow of snowflakes, told me he must without help have perished miserably in a few moments, for he went down head first and found himself entirely unable to move. He was rescued by companions, who fortunately got hold

of his legs in time, and extricated him, like a winkle from his shell.

On this occasion it was blowing hard from the North, a real wintry blast, when we left the shelter of the little mission station at Red Bay for home, relying on the protection of the great hills that lie to windward of us, as we go East. Under their shelter we covered safely mile after mile of the first part of our journey through the eternal drifting, gritty snow which stung your face like hailstones, and made it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. At places the road was so steep, we had to slip the dogs and lower the sledges by their combined traces, because we were otherwise apt to overreach the team and dash over the decline with a rush, to the great danger of the dogs and sledge, not to say of our limbs also. In fine weather there is nothing but pleasure in these unexpected leaps into space, and everyone enjoys these veritable flying toboggan runs at top speed with snow hurtling and the wind whistling by, exactly as polar bears and otters will for hours again and again climb a steep slope, just for the pleasure of sliding down on their stomachs, with their paws spread out and doubled back. But this day each of these watersheds further imperilled our chance of making a port before dark. For the storm had increased to a blizzard, and there was a real growing danger of our being snow-blocked and having to spend a night in the open and then being blown into space and so finding a tomb in Davy Jones's locker in the hungry sea, below the feet of the great precipices. But as we pushed on, the country became a bit more open, and less and less of the driving snow was able to lodge anywhere. With the absence of new snow lying beneath, the surface of the path became more and more icy, and as it often had to lead us along the down slope of the cliff over the sea, the peril of being blown over became all too apparent. Fortunately, our komatik had been specially built for this danger, and the box for the freight had only a single board at the side so as to catch less wind. Gus, the great hulking powerful mail-carrier, who was accompanying us to help "haul t' nurse," though he lay out on the sledge with his feet over the downside, was

only by dint of years of experience and unusual acquired agility and strength able to keep the sledge from sliding sideways down the ice slope and then over the precipice below.

So thick was the driving snow, and so loud the howling of the storm that, whenever Billy fell a few yards behind with the second, or luggage sledge, we were utterly unable to see or hear him. That, however, did not occur to our minds as of any importance, for Billy was such a toughened warrior that we never once imagined anything could happen to him. And every time we had stopped to see what had happened to Billy, he had so loudly upbraided us for "keeping the nurse out in the cold longer than was necessary," that we finally dismissed him from our thoughts, and just plugged ahead with our own load.

On one of these occasions of waiting for him Billy had been in difficulties, and this time it was a real one. For it happened that Billy always affected a walrus moustache, and this had gradually become the focus for a large sheet, part snow and part ice, consisting of his frozen breath. Suddenly an extra blast of wind detached this from the ice bridge which held it to his stubby beard, lifted it up and forthwith froze it solidly to his cap, whence not only could he not get it loose, but it closed almost absolutely the face opening of his kossak, so that it almost blinded him; and incidentally, being damp from his breath, froze solidly to his nose. This is not a common danger of the northern trail, but it is a warning to the parsimonious not to "cheat the barber" in the future. We were, however, able to disengage this new obstacle in the race, and Billy once more followed cheerfully along with his load.

At last, three or four hours after we should have arrived, a veritable snow man hauled what appeared to be a huge animated wedding cake up to the little winter house in the woods on the side of the deep fjord at Château. It was only now, when Gus had "safely handed t' nurse over" and had shaken the dogs out of their harnesses, that once again his thoughts flew back to Billy. He suddenly recalled that he had not seen him for at least two hours, possibly three, and even

then he had only waited long enough to let Billy and his dogs come into sight, as he thought. He might, anyhow, have been mistaken, and the shadow that he had taken for Billy and his dogs might have been only a thicker whirl of the whirling drift.

It was already dark, and it was no time for any man to go down to leeward in such a blizzard. But as the hours went by without any signs of Billy, we all began to be uneasy, even though it was Billy; and when three hours more had passed and still no signs of him, why, then, we felt it was time to be doing something. So the giant Gus went out once more into the storm, and stumbled around to two or three neighbours' houses. He told them his story and his misgivings. Insane as it sounds, however, to the tenderfoot, he found two men willing to try a rescue by going out so that they might look for Billy. Such a night in the woods near where Billy was "last seen to be handy at daylight" did not at best sound attractive. For they could not build a shelter in the dark, and they realized that to venture on to the cliff brow at all would be suicidal. However, a brother's life was at stake, and before midnight the three adventurers left their comfortable homes with a dozen dogs, and a stout sledge to enable them to haul home whatever remains they might find of Billy. They were not long, of course, dropping down wind, and after having reached the spot where Billy had last been really seen, they concluded rightly it was no use going further.

This was all the more certainly advisable because, in spite of their saner judgment, by each using a stout, sharp-pointed stick and driving it down into the snow, and holding on to that, they had actually ventured along much of the path on the ridge or crest, crawling along mostly on their stomachs, in which way alone they could hold the sledge up to windward. They had ventured this because they thought it possible they might find Billy with a broken limb or perhaps frozen in some snowdrift. So hard had been the struggle to keep along the top that one of the boys lost his pointed stick, which was wrenched out of his hand and whirled away over the cliff. No one who has not tried forcing to windward

in the teeth of a blizzard in the North can begin to understand how tough, experienced, strong young men, inured to hardship and exposure, should find it hard to get to windward against "mere wind," but five o'clock had struck before once more the rescuers reached home, only to find that Billy, pert as a cock sparrow, had arrived just before them. What they thought at first, and wanted to say, need not be mentioned here. But Billy's explanation soon had them quieted down again.

"It was blowed right away I was, Gus," he said. "There come a puff a bit harder than I was good for, and begorra, before I knew where I was, I was sailing through the air over the cliff altogether. I'd been only hanging on by my eyelids for a good while before that, and had bin half way over the edge more thin once. When I struck, I was killed right dead at first, and buried into the bargain. For when I came to, it was buried alive I was, and never a bit did I expect to get out o' that grave again at all. But soon, praise be to God, I fought my way clear, and sure there I was, in the snow bank, sticking to the front of t'cliff, with the ice blown out to the sea below, and me expecting every minute to go over in an avalanche. The sea looked bad down below and the cliffs looked as bad up above, and Oi was all alone, too. T' dogs had disappeared. They was nigh played out anyhow. They had been getting only salt food most of the trip, and that be no good for any mortal to work on, and my leader was fair scrammed with it before us left," he jerked out bitterly. "Well, there weren't no way to get up or get out, so I just dug right in and took a spell, jumping up and down to keep warm. But it were that cold in there, for I'd gotten wet running, that I'd have been as solid as the cliff in no time if I'd stayed where I was till morning. Beggars can't be choosers, I reckoned, so I climbed and climbed and climbed, sometimes up and sometimes down, I suppose, and that kept me a bit warmer. As I was getting up one bit one time, a sharp stick blew over the cliff top and hit me on the head." (This must have been the very stick the rescue party lost.) "No, I didn't hear anything or anybody till I got to this door. At last I found my way up in a gully, and myself almost to where I'd left. T' dogs had

held on somehow or climbed back before me, and were waiting till I should come along—lying down and snowed in as if they were minded to bide there for ever, but for all that my darlint of a leader was dead, and t' rest just able to move. It was the salt grub, God forgive 'em that did it. And sure, there I left her, covered in with a pall of snow that was the whitest ever a man had. God rest her soul. T' wind had another try or two at we before us topped t' Man-o-War hill. But I had fixed a tail-line to t' komatik round my wrists them times, and was a deal more careful to get down flat in t' bad slope.

A mug of hot tea and a bit of loaf and molasses was all Billy would eat before turning in to sleep the dreamless sleep of a baby. For he had done his bit and therefore that left nothing to worry over.

Billy bounced up like a rubber ball next day, just as ready as ever for another journey. And if you ever want, my reader, to enjoy a dog drive on the Labrador coast and feel safe while enjoying it, if you ever want to learn how to pack your troubles in your old kit bag and keep smiling, if you ever want to believe in the value of personality, and rate more highly that loftiest creation of God Almighty, mere man, and so realize that He can never possibly cast him on the refuse heap as waste, when he crosses what we call the " last divide "—well, come down North and spend a week with Billy " on dogs " : it is the greatest cure in the world for pessimism.

Where I Took Hold of Life

By R. P. T. Coffin

WILD roses have reclaimed the field
Where I took hold of life
And guided my first plough along
Like a silver knife.

The brown thrush sings without a break
Where I turned to a man,
And stepped out straight into the world
Behind a lurching span.

The clay was too uneven there
For him my father hired
To go with reins looped on his neck
And plough as he desired.

"Suppose you hold the handles, son,
And try to keep her straight."
The two halves of the universe
Rolled back and made a gate.

And I went through with desperate
Bare toes that scored the clay;
No woman yet has made my heart
Beat as it beat that day.

When I turned at last and saw
My furrow running true,
My head was higher by a hand,
So fast my thigh-bones grew.

The wild rose and the thrush may take
Their field and welcome now;
It made its man, and it may rest
For ever from the plough!

ERRATUM: A word in *The Three Best Things*, a poem by Douglas Ainslie, printed in our August number, needs correction. "The art of loons" should read "The art of looks".

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Connubial Bliss

"Did you hear," said Heddle, "that we're going to have a local flitch?"

"Oh," said Sergeant Murphy. "You mean a place for parkin' babies. No—that's a craitch."

"I mean a show like the Dunmow Flitch where they give a side of bacon to——"

"Couples that swear they've never quarrelled," interrupted the Sergeant. "I know. Wan of the most disgustin' exhibitions of modhern days. I don't care whether it's come down from the Dhruids or from Henry the Eighth—them flitches ought to be banned. To see a bunch of smug married couples on parade, like Aldherney cattle at a show, boastin' what a lovin' pair they've been is enough to make a decent-minded man dash off and forbid his own banns."

"I don't know," said Heddle. "They only want to show they're happy."

"Happy me aunt's elbow!" was the reply. "Happy married couples never know they're happy. Wance you know you're happy, you aren't. That's why when you go chasin' happiness you never catch it. And whenever I hear a couple swaggerin' that they've never had a cross word in the whole of their married life, I always send for a botanist to have thim classified. If Romeo had married Juliet, there'd have been times—at breakfast particularly—when she'd have hated the sight of him, and if she was a thrue-hearted woman, she'd have told him so. And the other way round. It's a perfectly healthy thing for married couples to have a good slangin' match at reasonable inthervals. And it's natural. They're tied to wan another, aren't they?'

"There was a judge I read a piece about in the paper the other day," said Heddle. "He said that when people got married, they ought to have a talkie film made of the affair, and when they quarrelled years afterwards the picture would be shown and put things right."

"I read that," said the Sergeant, "but you didn't mention that the fellah was an American judge. Now when an American discusses a domestic problem, he gets dhrunk on sentimint. That's why so many of their

films begin with a curse and end with a sob. But I can see his way of lookin' at things.

"'As the film releases itself', he thought, 'the couple gaze open-eyed at the pleasant scene whin the couple stood before the althar, or maybe the registhrar, and launched their double-oared boat on the mathrimonial high road. With a feelin' of shame they listen to the promises they made to wan another and then remember what's happened since. At wance their hearts melt, they relax the grip on wan another's hair, and a sobbin' duet follows, durin' which they promise to begin agen at the old startin' point.'

"That's what would happen accordin' to the sloppy sentimental ideas of Hollywood.

"Now here's what the man would probably say at the sight of the marriage corteedge in action.

"'Well, I'm dammed. That woman standin' there actually promised to love, honour and obey me. Obey me? That's a good wan. Why it's like two sides of a door. If I say Pull, she says Push—and enjoys doin' it, what's more. Look at her in the picture and wouldn't you say butther wouldn't melt in her mouth? Now the things she calls me would take the paint off a wooden Highlandher. Shy? My God! I took her at her face value and suffered for it. If there only had been a loonacy expert about that day, he'd have certified me at wan glance, nem. con. She caught me young—that explains it!'

"And the woman would say as she let her eyes fall on the picture, 'Dear me, didn't we wear thim long thim days? And what a funny hat! Still I look tons betther than lots of other women would have done in it. Don't say that's George standin' there. Dash me if it isn't. Not a bad-lookin' fellah in those days. No wondher a poor innocent child such as I was no more than at that time was won over be his plausible tongue. There was some excuse for promisin' to love honour and obey a man like that. But the miserable half-bald, half-witted sheik that's makin' me life a hell now is a different story altogether. Cherish me? Don't make me laugh. George couldn't cherish a canary. He's too selfish. Here, let that film fade out.'

"And the couple would start the battle agen with a damn sight more gusto than before."

Popularity and Noel Coward

By Horace Shipp

Bitter Sweet. By Noel Coward. (His Majesty's Theatre.)

SPEAKING recently to a gathering of literary people concerning the art of the theatre, Miss Sybil Thorndike said she envied us and the painters, the musicians, the sculptors for the freedom of spirit in which we could work, our eyes only upon pure expression, our minds untrammelled by any consideration of our public. Against this, the art of the theatre struggled, almost impossibly handicapped. Its workers must depend upon the suffrage of the crowd; its success must be immediate or its failure absolute; its direction must be divided, with but a small proportion moving out towards art, the mass to popular approval. The best that could be hoped was for these occasionally to be one, and not diverse.

Is it true? Knowing something of the conditions of the other arts, I doubt it. Moreover, in so far as it does hold, the artists of the theatre themselves have allowed it, because they, more than other creators, have given nine-tenths of their mentalities to an effort to please their patrons and one-tenth to the principles of art. People like Miss Thorndike and Lewis Casson, with an artistic conscience functioning strongly despite occasional titivation of the groundlings, are the rare birds of their profession. "All for art and the world well lost," is occasionally made the motto of a theatre worker; but it is too often a theatre worker in another country where the chances of the world being lost in the cause are somewhat less. Nevertheless, both at home and abroad, among those who have pursued that policy of courage must be written some magnificent successes, even though it has doubtless meant that unrecorded people have failed.

The truth is that in all the arts this choice lies before the artist. There is no casket containing immediate certain financial success and whole-hearted consecration to art. If you are a genius, the choice does not arise, for genius forgets self and the mob and thinks only of the work. Stratified below it, down to the best-seller "tosh" novelists, the jazz dance tune composers, the sentimental painters and sculptors, the ballad-singing concert artistes,

lie range upon range of professional and even non-professional artists; and among them—usually, alas, very near the bottom—most workers in the theatre.

The happy person is the one whose innate desire for expression accords with the crowd mentality of his time. Success will come to such without any of the lonely effort of genius. It may not be lasting fame, for modes of thought change; but it will give the opportunity for work and thereby that opportunity for concentrated technical improvement for which every artist yearns. It will seldom be the very best work, for the best is invariably lonely and non-popular, often definitely unpopular to the point of arousing the opposition and hatred of its own generation. Nevertheless, this work can often be very good second-rate, deserving its success as the expression of the mentality of its time, and capable as to technique.

Of such is the work of Mr. Noel Coward. Nobody living belongs more to his own generation and nobody is better able to express it dramatically. His surface is witty, cynical, amoral, heartless; his movement brisk, and rather flashy; his conclusions consistently sentimental and on the side of the angels. Mr. Coward has never been under any illusion: he knows that human nature is the same despite its lipstick. So he dresses the face of his dramas with plenitude of scarlet, but their hearts beat with sentimental passion. Whatever twentieth century wild oats are sown in the acts, the final curtains fall upon sons at their mother's knees, reunited husbands and wives, lovers listening, if not for wedding bells, at least for the taxi which will take them to a registry office. All this with some ingenious air of having been desperately and modernly wicked.

Bitter Sweet, his new work, synthesises the attitude, but confesses more frankly where Mr. Coward stands. It is a remarkable achievement—a light opera with a well-told story, a number of really amusing lyrics, a sense of character and much more sense of drama than we usually get in light musical work. Noel Coward has created not only the libretto and the music for this, but has been responsible for the production as well, and one suspects that only journeys to America for the purpose of supervising other productions have prevented him

from acting and giving us his quality as pianist. All these things Noel Coward takes in his stride, doing them not greatly but so effectively and with such apparent ease that we have a deceptive feeling of power in reserve. The combination comes very near to greatness. In *Bitter Sweet* there is no element of writing down to popular taste; even the humour is a humour of a thoroughly civilised mind. One cannot, for example, get the flavour of the skilful lyric of the "greenery-yallery" young men without knowing something of the nineties and the æsthetic movement; nor the other clever choruses of the serving-men or of the demi-mondaine ladies of Vienna without a sense of satire. There is no slapstick in this humour.

The basic popular appeal of Mr. Coward's work lies between its sentimentality and its liveliness. He adores parties and crowds, and since this production is under Mr. Cochran's wing, he may exercise his passion unrestrainedly. I believe every act opens with a party. Today, the eighteen-seventies, the eighties, the nineties, and back to nineteen-twenty, his story jazzes, and polkas and waltzes and jazzes again, with such parade of costume, such variety of scene and manners as the theatregoer eternally loves. The Viennese café round about the eighties is a memorable delight. Ernst Stein's design for it evokes applause the moment the curtain rises, and from that through dances, songs and dramatic interludes until the curtain falls upon the tragic climax of the romance, a stage duel, and weeping heroine and her prostrate lover. Mr. Coward gives good measure well pressed down.

He is excellently served by his company. In Peggy Wood, who takes the part of the concert singer, whose life story in reminiscence forms the play, there is a rare combination of actress, singer and charming personal appearance. The rest of the large cast, moulded by Mr. Coward's production I suspect, achieve an excellent ensemble. So *Bitter Sweet* gives the playgoer what he wants without sacrificing artistic values. Fortunate the artist-creator who can so reflect and accord with the mentality of his day and generation; and of this company Noel Coward is one.

Books

LITERATURE

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. 501, July, 1929. Murray. 7s. 6d

THIS number begins with a special article of "Retrospect: Nos. 1–500," by C.E.L., and reminds us how much the *Quarterly* has done for social reform and good letters. In 1812 it expressed in vigorous terms the Cry of the Children penned for long hours in unhealthy workshops. It has always been consistently Conservative, coming into a world dominated by the Whigs, who, if they have not made the history of England, have written it. Looking back, one sees the moral view of literature, a pursuit liable to infidelity and profane analogies, prevailing in criticism, and Campbell and Rogers proclaimed the surest heirs of immortality. This, however, was the view of a dull and pretentious Scot now forgotten. Lockhart, who held the reins for so many years, was more than an able editor; he was one of the most accomplished men of his day and he secured sound articles which are often still worth reading. It is this chance for the man who really knows his subject to write on it at some length and with some leisure that is invaluable to the cause of letters, particularly to-day, when hasty reviews do scant justice to solid achievement. Many a *Quarterly* article has been the beginning of a good book, and these surveys alone make it indispensable to the serious reader.

In this number Sir Andrew Macphail writes on "Boswell's Life of Johnson," or rather on Boswell himself as the victim of calumny. He tells of the existence of a new store of Boswell's papers of which few have heard. They are being privately printed and sold, at a prohibitive price, but are of great interest to the student. Reaction from the shallow verdict of Macaulay and others has led the writer to too favourable a portrait of the fussy *bon vivant*, pamphleteer and biographer, who could be both spiteful and silly. The Scot above mentioned in 1857 credited Boswell with "about an equal amount of talent and buffoonery." The defence now offered is, however, sound in the main. Dr. Edwyn Bevan gives a typical instance of speculative scholarship in Germany, and wears his own learning lightly in his account of Josephus. Mr. Horace Hutchinson moves easily over the vast realm of "Detective Fiction," making some good points, such as the mention of "Caleb Williams." But he has not got the first instance of detective induction at any length, Voltaire's "Zadig," or the ingenious reconstruction of the duel which D'Artagnan made for the King in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." Poe invented a French detective who has had

his successors in M. Hanaud and M. Poirot. If we choose to follow an erudite German, we may suppose that Poe got a hint from the methods of French-Canadian trackers. Sherlock Holmes admittedly owed a great deal to a living model whom Sir Conan Doyle observed in hospital days. Holmes remains great, but if Mr. Hutchinson refuses to believe him liable to error, he has not read, or has forgotten, a 'Varsity story which shows up his incompetence in an unfamiliar *milieu*. This case, as I have shown, was got up by Watson for the diversion of Holmes, who was then out of sorts.

The pursuit and discovery are all important in this sort of story; but the question is whether a little character-drawing or a pause to develop humour would not make a more readable book than the elaboration of clues, false trails and other effects which strain our sense of credulity. At present so much is *vieux jeu* that the inventor of a new thrill is a rare bird. As for the writer who swindles us by not giving a fair view of the criminal in the first 40 pages of his book, he is not playing the game, and no other merit will induce me to read another line of his.

V. R.

HOGARTH LECTURES, No. 9: NATURE IN LITERATURE. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. BLUNDEN does not state where he delivered his six chapters, but they bear here and there the cloudy panoply of the lecturer. He is the man to treat the theme he has chosen, but he has not done it as he might have in this book. He admits writing "partial footnotes" and deliberately puts aside "masters like Chaucer, Walton, Marvell, Browning, Hardy," for future treatment. He also omits Charles Kingsley and T. E. Brown, whose "Dartmoor—Sunset at Chagford" is a subtle and searching commentary no book of this sort ought to neglect. The analysis and appreciation in detail of Clare, Duck, and Bloomfield do not make up for these omissions, for none of them can be called a master, and two of them are obviously defective in their command of language. Mr. Blunden, however, chiefly prides himself on bringing forward the obscure or unnoticed, and in 150 pages justice can hardly be also done to the well-known. The tributes to Collins and Coleridge are good and of Wordsworth it is wittily said that "he has a tendency to give Nature a penny for her amusing prattle and tell her to run along now like a good girl." Gray's "Elegy" does not leave the beaten track of observation, and owes, in fact, much to Blair, Akenside, and Mallet; but he was also a pioneer in the discovery of the Lakes, and at once a minute naturalist in lists he drew up in his exquisite hand and a felicitous observer

of Nature in the prose of his Letters. He used to talk with the country people, with whom, as Mr. Blunden hints, the "true poem of Nature" grows. Doubtless he knows all this about Gray, but he does not say it.

Tennyson and Arnold are cleverly rebuked for things that have little to do with their love of Nature. The pretty writing about Arnold is well enough, but does not tell us that, coming late in the long line of nature poets, he was yet the first to give familiar glories of the English countryside their gracious and worthy place in literature. Omissions and elaborations some way above the plain Englishman who seems to be Mr. Blunden's ideal are forgotten, however, in the tribute to White of Selborne, with which the book concludes. An Oxford don in 1789 prophesied that White would be widely known some day, and he was right about the sober charm and gentle humour, things dearer to the normal Englishman than cloudy ecstasies or the rapture of the mystic.

ADVENTURE

TRAMPING TO LOURDES. By JOHN GIBBONS. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

NOT many people with a pack on their backs, no effective knowledge of French, and a resolve never to ask for a ride, have tramped 600 miles across France, like Mr. Gibbons. He had, too, a special purpose; his pilgrimage was undertaken to better the health of his little girl; and he was pledged to visit certain shrines on the way. Generally he avoided the sights dear to the tourist, his main purpose being to get on and reach his day's standard of miles. He was forty-six and not so supple as he had been; his ideas and knowledge were commonplace; but his belief was fixed and splendidly certain, helping him through his worst trials and fears. He tells his adventures with remarkable sincerity. His own stupidities and weaknesses all go down in the book, and he notes the differences between France and his home suburb of Hornsey with naïve candour.

The result is a book full of interesting detail. When the pilgrim became a shabby, disreputable looking tramp, he was not recognizable as an Englishman, and lodging was apt to be refused. He had introductions to various priests, but their housekeepers refused him at sight with the words, "Out probably all night. May not indeed be home to-morrow," and "as soon as the woman caught sight of my trousers, it was safe to assume that his reverence would be permanently out during the whole of any stay that I might be making in his village." He had a minimum of money to live on and made it enough. When he reached Lourdes, he turned to work as a stretcher-bearer for the sick. He

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does not know how the miracles of healing happen, but he denounces Zola for falsifying a case in his big book on the subject. He sees that, anyway, the miracle of happiness does shine out on faces which might be despondent, and he reveals his kindly and courageous self on many a page.

His writing has been denounced as bad, but he can describe well, when he likes, as in his account of Rocamadour, and his choice of detail is effective. He sinks easily to slang, but his style does not, like the confectionery of the verbal artist, weary us by its unnaturalness. This is a travel book of exceptional merit.

ADVENTURES WITH BERNARD SHAW. By DAN RIDER. Mitchell Kennerley, 2s. 6d.

THIS book has little over 30 pages, but everyone of them is amusing. Mr. Rider gives a good description of Shaw in his early days as a lecturer and his influence as a dramatic critic, and tells us how he got possession of a number of *Shaviana* which had been thrown away, including a diary. In those days the great man was not so great, and he seems to have acted with singular caution towards the most genial of men. Perhaps he was frightened off by the caricature of him in Mr. Rider's shop, work which started Claud Lovat Fraser on his brilliant career. Mr. Rider is full of unconventional adventures, much better worth printing than the usual reminiscences.

FICTION

THE GALAXY. By SUSAN ERTZ. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is the imaginary record, from the first moment till the last, of a woman who was born in 1862 and was recently killed by a motor-car. It will be specially attractive to the comparatively small number of readers whose memories go back to the days when the knifeboard omnibus, which reappeared for a brief space during the present summer, was but one of many hundreds in the London streets. Plays and novels covering whole lifetimes have been frequent of late. The playwright must present his history in separated slabs, whereas the novelist can carry it through a more or less continuous narrative. This has been done with considerable success by Miss Ertz, who has revived most of the outstanding events and characteristics of our national and social history from the time when Ouida's novels were "improper" to a time when novels which would have made Ouida's face crimson are read by schoolgirls in the presence of their parents. Laura, who is twice married, fights her way, partly under her brother's early influence, out of the bondage of an exceptionally depressing Victorian home into the freedom of the twentieth century. The characters, of many kinds, are in general admirably realized, notably those of the utterly selfish father and equally selfish first husband of the heroine; those of her stolid daughter, Horatia; her vulgar and dreadfully "coming-on" sister, Violet; and her psychic (and very sensible) maid, Stubbs. The author is notably successful in realizing "mental processes," the deterioration or betterment induced by reaction to hostile influences in ethical respects being exhibited with special skill.

Touches in the book will no doubt irritate many readers, such as the bracketing of a delightful living artist-author with Shakespeare and Newton, and the ascription of "passionless legs"

to a South African heiress. But let those who may be annoyed by such little worries remember that Miss Susan Ertz has a plentiful share of humour.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

MR. PRIESTLEY has here "delivered the goods" in generous fashion. Revellers in the recent fiction of promiscuity may be warned off "The Good Companions," but for those readers who can enjoy following the varied experiences of some people who are clean in their lives and loyal to their associates this is one of the richest and most discerning of modern novels. The manner wherein the ways of the Yorkshire artisan Oakroyd, the young schoolmaster Jollifant, and the modest heiress—the adjective is doubly suitable—Elizabeth Trant converge into one is ingeniously devised. How these three become and remain leading spirits in a touring concert party is told in many chapters, of which none is superfluous. Criticism of our "civilized" life and its products abounds, from the sketches of numerous types of pleasant or unpleasant men and women to the quality of beer and tobacco. The range of observation is very wide, and the shrewdness and wisdom of judgment remarkable. The author's knowledge of Dickens is obviously "extensive," though not "peculiar." There is no case of unlawful borrowing, but memories are now and again evoked which add to the pleasure provided by this fresh and jolly book. Both Jingle and Solomon Pell, for instance, are suggested by the unveracious and boastful banjoist and card-manipulator, one of the most striking figures of the lot, who tells, "in confidence, gentlemen," how a colonial governor said to him: "Damn me if you're not a genius, Mitcham." Lady Partlit's second husband is the most unpleasing "Companion,"

THE MAN WITHIN. By GRAHAM GREENE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

PSYCHOLOGY seems to be on the way to make the English novel more convincing, perhaps, to some, but certainly less attractive to the average reader. The title indicates that side of the mind which criticises impulses and suggests the better course of action. This monitor is heard so often arguing with the hero that the story is in danger of being clogged. It is high romance, boldly and subtly penned. The writer can show us both men and women and the scenery of the Downs, and his imagery is often both original and happy, though his language is sometimes too good for his characters. Would a common woman of the town tell a young man not to "philosophize"? The girl of the cottage, who brings the hero true romance for the first time and helps him to fight against his weakness and cowardice, is unusual and charming. But he is infirm of purpose, doomed for a tragic end.

Mr. Greene is a real recruit to the cause of romance, already a writer of marked distinction. But if he is to have the success to which he is entitled, he must consider his readers a little more and make his situations clearer. At the beginning a young man is flying in a blind fear. Whence? What is the period of the book? What is his occupation and class? What has he done? Pages have passed before these questions are answered and we are confused with hints that we cannot understand. As a matter of fact, he belongs to a smuggling crew and has given them away to the law for ill-treating him. Having gone thus far secretly, he is persuaded to give witness against them at the Lewes Assizes, and there is an effective scene of the trial. We quite understand the advantage of dashing *in medias res*, but the essential situation must be placed in the first few pages before the reader, so that he has a fair chance to appreciate what story the writer is developing.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS. By HENRY WADE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

IN their search for novelty writers of detective stories have of recent years shown a tendency towards excessive complication and the introduction of endless false clues which only weary and bewilder the reader. This pitfall Mr. Wade has wisely avoided, and his well-knit tale, while the interest is sustained up to the end, makes no undue claim on our credulity. Moreover, he writes well, with a spice of quiet humour, and has succeeded in inventing a new type of detective, as well as a crime that is both ingenious and original. The little vignettes of London scenery are charmingly done, and the author has the knack of introducing touches of information and description so naturally that they never interfere with the movement of the story. Finally his heroine is fresh, human, and distinctly attractive. Mr. Wade is to be congratulated on a novel which ranks a long way above the average in its class.

LION'S HOLD. By G. H. LEPPER. Stockwell. 6s.

IN his Preface Mr. Lepper acknowledges that his book is propaganda pleading for the retention of the African colonies we won from the Germans. Such a purpose is not generally fortunate for a story, but the stirring events in Tanganyika Territory in 1935 can be read for themselves. The foiling of a German plot to land guns in large quantities is quite exciting, and when the country seems handed-over, it is won back. The hero and the heroine, assisting the work in breeches, find themselves with a speed which shows that the future is going to hurry. Some of the writing appears to us a little elaborate, particularly as Mr. Lepper can be incisive about the League and the Gallios of our empire, but he evidently knows his ground well and the trials of rough country.

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JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

CRICKET

THE SUMMER GAME. By NEVILLE CARDUS. Cayme Press. 6s.

CRICKET has in general but few critics and expositors worthy of it. Players of distinction who turn journalists clearly cannot handle a pen, and pour out dull stuff in stereotyped language. Mr. Cardus regards cricket as an art and writes about it as an artist should, with skill and enthusiasm. We are glad to see that he does not confine himself to county matches, which have become too much of a fetish in England and are played under conditions everyone knows to be capable of improvement. "Safety first" is no game to watch. The brief Preface makes the significant remark that, "where the will to win is present, an engagement between strong counties can be finished well within three days, in spite of the perfect wicket." If those in command do not realize this, the game will be played to an ever-decreasing crowd. The views of rustic cricket are admirably veracious, and the special tributes to great players which follow are first-rate, showing incidentally that cricketers can make vivid and pertinent remarks.

"Monkey" Hornby was, we think, too much of a mad wag to be dubbed Don Quixote. He was capable of waking up Elstree boys in solemn dormitories for a riotous pillow-fight. For Lancashire Mr. Cardus has a special regard, and today Macdonald *v.* Woolley is probably cricket at its greatest. Hammond, however, is showing us that the truly great have not departed. When *anno domini* does its fell work, *non deficit alter aureus*. But those who have seen Trumper and "Ranji" put them in a class by themselves. It was better to see Trumper make 30 than a dull, mechanical bat gather his century, though the silly "record" maniacs may not believe it.

Somerset's astonishing triumph over conquering Yorkshire in 1901 and other fine matches take on new life under the skilful pen, and the shrewd eye for the personalities of players points out where cricket is duller today. The best men fail sometimes. Wherever did Mr. Cardus hear that Fry was a Senior Wrangler at Oxford? It is a bad blob, though the point that Fry was a made batsman who played with elaborate felicity is sound enough.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL: M.C.C. TEAM, AUSTRALIA, 1928-9. By P. G. H. FENDER. Faber and Faber. 15s.

THE astute captain of Surrey has produced, as might have been expected, an admirable account of England's triumph in Australia, and while analysing the play carefully as it proceeded, he makes some excellent comments on each special department and the composition of the team. Hammond's wonderful batting was the making of the side, but other well-known performers also did very well. In the third match England's task of making 332 to win on a queer wicket was pronounced impossible, but Hobbs and Sutcliffe batted amazingly. We have Mr. Fender's assurance that the English fielding was far better than the Australian. Our bowling was better, too, but nothing to boast of, beyond the wonderful steadiness of White. More all-rounders in the team would have been advisable, and several critics of experience expected such men as Jupp, Kennedy or Mr. Fender himself to join the team. With Larwood at his best for only a few overs there was great risk of tiring the other good bowlers. Our batting tail was too long, and Australia was undoubtedly weak, relying too much on veterans and trying younger men with reluctance. Wall as a bowler promises well, and more of the sort must be discovered, if Australia is to win again. Their batting outlook is much brighter, and Mr. Fender speaks very highly of young Jackson, who played in two matches, not one, as the last of the informatory tables records. We can put against him the success of Leyland, who figured first in the final match.

BOOKS

REISSUES

A Diary of St. Helena: The Journal of Lady Malcolm, 1816–17. Edited by Sir Arthur Wilson. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Originally issued in 1899, this book did not, owing to the failure of the publishers, reach the public it deserved. It gives vivid reports of conversations with Napoleon. Sir Pulteney Malcolm and his wife were evidently agreeable visitors to the prisoner, and though the Admiral was quite firm about maintaining the correct attitude towards him, he was questioned and suspected by Hudson Lowe, whose unfortunate temper is clearly indicated. The correspondence between them is all to the credit of the Admiral. Napoleon clearly retained his shrewdness in comment and remarkable grasp of detail, and there is no authority, as the Introduction points out, for Herr Ludwig's suggestion that St. Helena was chosen by the English as a "deadly" climate. Readers of today are, however, beginning to realize the shallowness of the German biographer. They had much better read documents of real authority like these, dictated by the Admiral to his wife. The whole position at St. Helena is fairly exhibited with the faults on both sides.

Moby Dick; or, The Whale. By Herman Melville. With an Introduction by A. S. W. Rosenbach. Mitchell Kennerley. 7s. 6d.

We are very glad to see a new and well printed edition of "Moby Dick," the great story of the whale which, since its appearance in 1851, has been rediscovered at least twice. At the beginning of this century a Professor of English at Harvard wrote a book on American Literature in which he did not think it worth while to mention "Moby Dick," and credited Melville with "a career of literary promise which never came to fruition." Melville's writing was touched with symbolism and too quaint and familiar for the academic mind, but a later race of critics knows, we hope, that his book is immortal. He is, as Stevenson wrote in his slangy way, "a howling cheese," and his latest introducer pens a satisfactory eulogy of him. But Dr. Rosenbach might collect and read Mary Shelley's story and not take Frankenstein for the monster again.

From Generation to Generation. By Lady Augusta Noel. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

Lady Augusta Noel's very readable novel, which forms the latest addition to the "Rescue" series, was first published so comparatively recently as 1879, and the early oblivion whence it now emerges may be ascribed to the welter of change presently to ensue, in which its merits, swamped by the limited idealism of its class and day, had little chance of survival. Against,

however, the serenely Victorian outlook which loved to contemplate a world of kindly people with titles—for the bad baronet of melodrama was, in truth, a cruel outrage on the best Victorian feeling—adored by a contented and well-behaved peasantry, there must be set qualities of construction, insight, humour, and human interest which entitle the author to a hearing today. Her descriptions of Highland scenery in sunshine and storm are uncommonly well done. It is significant to note that throughout her 400 pages of tragedy and misunderstanding not one of Lady Augusta's characters is actuated by malice, and that even the villain of the piece is thoroughly sound at heart.

ART

ITALIAN PAINTING. By P. G. KONODY and R. H. WILENSKI. Jack. £2 2s.

WITH the promise of the Italian Exhibition early next year at Burlington House, interest in the Old Masters is certain to be more than usually active. This volume, a collaboration by two popular critics, anticipates that interest.

The difficulty facing an author on the subject is that of choice between erudition—working out new theories, undertaking research and adding what will probably be only minutiæ to the existing body of knowledge—or the recapitulation of that knowledge. These authors are inclined to oscillate between the two methods. Their opening chapters are especially valuable in that they carry the beginnings of Italian art further back than the usual rather arbitrary origins with Giotto and Duccio. The study of the manuscript illuminators is particularly revealing, having hitherto been somewhat neglected. After this opening the eclectic manner is pursued through chapters upon the Viennese, the Florentines, upon Leonardo, Michel Angelo and the Venetian schools. The one upon the Umbrian Masters, however, reverts to the detailed and scholarly method in an examination upon influences. There is a final chapter upon the Baroque painters which tends to re-estimate them in accordance with the current critical vogue for all things Baroque—an enthusiasm which, writing from Italy, with the multitudinous flamboyant altarpieces of this type in most of the churches, I find it difficult to sustain.

With a volume of this nature the choice and reproduction of illustrations is a matter of importance. These are lavish in number, both as to colour and black and white. The printing, however, leaves something to be desired: the three-colour plates have evidently been printed together so that individual colour values are sacrificed for approximate, and the black and white

printed with the text necessitate a coarse-screened block which loses subtlety. These economies, however necessary, detract from the value of the plates. The choice of these has been largely from our own National Gallery collection. I imagine this has been deliberate on the part of the authors to assure easier reference to the originals, so that this difficulty of exact reproduction matters less.

The volume makes a rather handsome book; its information is neither too scholarly nor too popular, and the balance of values between different schools and masters is well held.

H. S.

GENERAL

THE MAKING OF THE CHRISTIAN MIND. By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, D.D. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS book occupied the author for five years during a pastorate at Detroit, and might, as he says, have been called "The Changing Phases of the Christian Ideal." He acknowledges the assistance of other writers, inevitable in so large a scheme. The developments of Christianity are considered in their effect on the mind of the Church; winning society in general, becoming sacramentarian, mystical, and in a society often indifferent, humanitarian. Everywhere the writing shows candour and rare freedom from prejudice. Today Dr. Atkins sees that Christianity is shaken, but he regards what may seem a retreat as consolidation to meet essentially unchristian elements. Humanitarianism should, he urges, be the passion of Christianity and the way back to spiritual realities, though much that seemed important in the past has to be left behind. Protestantism has suffered by its rigidity, but Christianity, in the author's view, is elastic and always gaining from sources which enrich it, and which can be frankly acknowledged. It holds, however, essential tests and controls which do not vary, and it shows something like Bergson's "Life force" in finding its thoroughfare, though it has gone down a good many blind alleys in the past. While few will denounce pagan philosophy as St. Paul did, these evolutionary ideas will not please everybody. Prof. Atkins recognizes that the age-long controversy between those who need no symbols for religious support, and these to whom they are essential can never be completely settled. He discovers that

> the interests of this present world have slowly taken precedence over doctrinal interests, even though the churches strictly maintain old confidences and use old forms of words.

One defence of the inner life against excessive formalism is mysticism, and the chapter on this aspect of the religious

experience is excellent. The serene sanity of the Quakers shows that the mystic may be in this world's affairs no idle dreamer. Poetry owes him an immense debt, and it is thought akin to his that brings science—we do not say with Dr. Atkins "even science"—back to the splendour of God in His marvellous universe.

A Diet of Crisps. By H. Phillips. Blackwell: Oxford. 2s. 6d.

The taste for verse epigram seems to be reviving and it must be admitted that our age offers plenty of opportunity for it. Mr. Phillips makes fair game of the eminent or prominent in his forty-nine quatrains. They are unequal in pith and point. Often the line lacks an easy flow; it has been altered and corrected, we should judge, till it comes out overloaded. Here is Sir A. Conan Doyle:

> Fit climax this to many a stirring tale—
> A last adventure staged "beyond the veil";
> Yet strangely, once the enterprise was planned,
> Not Holmes, but Watson, took the job in hand.

The next page pins down Mr. Belloc:

> Our faith, our strategy, our dance and song—
> There's nothing, it would seem, but going wrong;
> And, what is worse, with each successive blow,
> He keeps on shouting that he told us so.

The final piece, an epitaph on Lord Haldane, is quite good.

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